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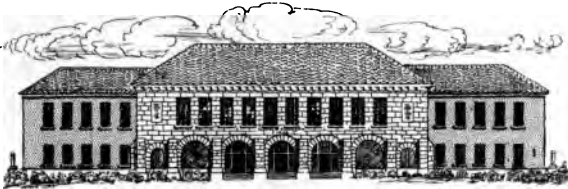
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STORIES
OF THE
THREE AMERICAS.

THEIR DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT.

BY
EUNICE C. CORBETT AND ANNA CONTENT.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

WHITTIER.

CHICAGO:
A. FLANAGAN, PUBLISHER
1891.

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN offering the second edition of the STORIES OF THE THREE AMERICAS, we wish to emphasize a fact to which a casual observer of the volume may not attach due importance, to wit : its strictly historical character. Some persons may suppose, not having examined the book, that the stories are imaginative in character, or, at least, of questionable authenticity. On the contrary, the work throughout has been drawn from the most undoubted sources of history, and no incident or passage is used for which there is not reliable authority. The matter has been put in story form to interest young readers, the object being to awaken in them a desire to consult more complete works, and thus become more fully acquainted with the important characters and events here mentioned.

THE AUTHORS.

THE STORY OF LEIF THE LUCKY

986—1009.



F you look at the map of the world in your geographies, you will see an island just on the line between the eastern and western hemispheres. On your map of Europe you can see that it is quite a large island. Its name is Iceland, and you will learn from your geographies that this name well describes it, for it is covered with ice and snow during the greater part of the year. You will learn, too, that there are enormous volcanoes on the island, that the people, though poor, are by no means ignorant, but have good schools and live in comfortable homes sheltered from the cold during the long winter, and that in the short summer they raise corn and vegetables, and these, with the abundance of fish which they obtain from the many bays and inlets of the sea on the island coast, give them plenty of food to live on. You will also read in your history that many years ago, the people of Iceland were more daring and full of adventure than they now are, and that they built large ships that sailed far over the sea and made discoveries in distant lands.

Perhaps you have read in your English histories, of the Sea-kings of the North, as they were called, pirate captains of large vessels, who invaded England at one time and made themselves very terrible to the people by their cruelties. Some of these pirate captains came from Denmark, the country which juts out into the water between the Baltic and the North Seas, others were from Norway; all of them belonged to the same race, and all were daring sailors, and fierce and cruel. A band of these sea voyagers from Norway first settled Iceland in the ninth century, and they brought thither loads of pine trees from the forests of Norway, and built more ships and larger ships, and sailed still further toward the west in search of more discoveries. One summer day, one of

these captains (called Eric the Red because of the color of his hair), when sailing west, came in sight of a large country all covered with grass. This was about the year 892. Captain Eric immediately claimed the country as belonging to him,—this was a way these captains had!—and he landed on it and gave it the name of Greenland. Then he went back to Iceland and persuaded a good many people to go with him and make homes in the new country. To be sure, in spite of the green grass that covered its coasts during the summer time, it was a country of fogs, and of long winter days, but these people were used to cold weather and fogs in Iceland and Norway, and they built their homes in the new country cheerfully enough, and soon had there a thriving colony. After some years, stories came to them concerning a new land of trees, of fertile valleys and flower-covered hills, a land of summer days and sunny, cloudless skies. Why did they not all hasten to make their homes in this new, beautiful land? Well, we may suppose that many of them did not believe there was such a land, and others said "What if there is? we are well enough off here; why should we go journeying across the stormy seas again?" You see they had grown used to cold and fogs, and thought that the clear skies of the new land would make them homesick, as they probably would.

For the stories of a new land were true. In the year 986, a young man named Biorn, whose father, Herjulf, had settled in Greenland, set sail in a vessel to join him, but met strong winds from the north, which drove him upon the coast of a country to the south. This country had many small hills which were covered with a thick growth of forest trees. Biorn knew, from what his father had written him, that there were no forest trees in Greenland, and that its hills were high mountains, covered with snow; so he felt sure that this was no part of Greenland. And it was Greenland that he wanted to see, where his father and friends were, and so he took little notice of the fine trees of the new country. As soon as the winds would let him, he set sail again, and by aid of such charts as he may have had, and the north star when it could be seen—for the mariner's compass, that safe guide for sailors over the trackless seas, was not yet known—he at last reached the settlement

of his father and friends in Greenland. They were very glad to see him, we may suppose, and very much interested in the story that he had to tell of his delayed voyage. And though he did not want to see the forest country again, he said, being too well pleased to be in the company of his good friends in Greenland—there were others who were fired with ambition to visit the new lands, and explore their wonders for themselves. These carried back the story to Iceland, and found there some who believed and some who doubted. And sailors said: "What does Leif the Lucky say about it? Leif is your man. If he will go in search of the new lands, we will go with him. It is safe sailing, we find, with Leif the Lucky!"

Leif the Lucky was the son of Eric the Red, who had discovered Greenland, and was therefore called Leif Erickson. He probably had red hair and a ruddy complexion as his father had, and we are told that he was "large and stout, and noble to see; a wise man also, and made to do all things." He

feared no perils by land or sea. Perhaps it was of him that the old Norse ballad said;—

"He scorns to rest 'neath the smoky rafter,
He plows with his boat the roaring deep;
The billows boil, and the storm howls after—
But the tempest is only a thing of laughter—
The sea-king loves it better than sleep!"



NORSE SEA-KING OF THE IITH CENTURY.

He was called Leif the Lucky, because he had come safely through many dangers. And the sailors believed that no matter how rough the storm, the boat that carried Leif would always ride through it, and come into port.

As might have been expected, Captain Leif was ready for a voyage to the new land covered with forest, as soon as he heard of it. As no trees grew in Iceland or Greenland, an abundance of timber meant wealth to the sea-kings who might find it. Might there not be precious woods there too, such as could be sold to the kings of Europe for great weight of gold; and strong wood for masts of ships, and other uses? So he said, "Who will go with me to try the treasures of this new land, who will go with Leif the Lucky?"

Thirty-five strong men, sailors true and tried, came forward to take part in the voyage. This may seem to us a small number, but it was enough to fully man one ship, and Leif the Lucky was satisfied. So they set sail. It is probable that they went by Greenland, to get full information from Biorn and his men concerning the strange land. It must have been in the summer that the voyage was undertaken, as then only are the northern seas free from ice; and the date was somewhat uncertain, but it was probably the year 1000.

The first land which Captain Leif and his sailors saw was a land of icy mountains, with a plain between the mountains and the sea, covered with flat stones. This is supposed to have been the shore of Newfoundland. Leif called it Helluland, which in Norse tongue means "land of flat stones." After this he sailed farther to the southward, and reached a level country covered with trees, which he named Markland or Woodland. It is thought that this was the coast of Nova Scotia. Here the sailors landed and explored the country for a day or two, but, as the weather was fine, Captain Leif was impatient to go further southward again and they all returned to the ship. We will tell their next discovery in the very words of the book in which the school children of Iceland read the story of Leif Erickson. Of course these words have been changed from Icelandic to English, or else you could not understand them. And this is what they say:

"Then they sailed on the high sea, having a northeast wind, and were two days at sea before they saw land. They steered toward it and touched the island lying before the north part of the land. When they went on land they surveyed it, for by good fortune the weather was serene. They found the grass sprinkled with dew, and it happened by chance that they touched the dew with their hands, and carried them to their mouths and perceived that it had a sweet taste which they had not before noticed. Then they returned to the ship and sailed through a bay lying between the island and a tongue of land running toward the north. Steering a course to the west shore, they passed the tongue of land. Here when the tide ebbed there were very narrow shoals. When the ship got aground there were shallows of great extent between the vessel and the receded sea. So great was the desire of the men to go on land that they were unwilling to stay on board until the returning tide floated the ship. They went ashore at a place where a river flowed out from a lake. When the tide floated the ship, they took the boat and rowed to the vessel and brought her into the river and then into the lake. Here they anchored, carried the luggage from the ships and built dwellings. Afterwards they held a consultation and resolved to remain at this place during the winter. They erected large buildings. There were not only many salmon in the river but also in the lake, and of a larger size than they had before seen. So great was the fertility of the soil that they were led to believe that cattle would not be in want of food during winter, or that wintry coldness would prevail or the grass wither much."

Now take your maps and find where Captain Leif and his men landed, if you can. You will find, no doubt, that the description fits most closely to Narragansett bay and its surrounding country. The island is Conanicut. The lake out of which the river ran is Mt. Hope bay.

When the Norsemen had built their homes, Captain Leif said: "Now let our men be divided into two parts, that we may explore the land; one part to stay at home each day and the other to go about to see the land, but let them go no further than they can return each evening." And this they did and Captain Leif took

his turn with them, going out one day and staying home the next. One evening, one of the men did not return with the others. This was a German named Tyrker. He had once been taken as a prisoner of war, but living in Iceland, had become one of Captain Leif's great friends. The captain, therefore, reproved the others for letting him get lost and made ready to go with twelve men in search of him. Going a little way in the woods they met him coming.

"Why wast thou so late, my friend?" said Captain Leif.

The man then began to reply in German, and rolled his eyes about and twisted his face, as though much excited. But at last he cried out in the Norse tongue: "I went not far, but I have great news; I have found grape-vines and grapes."

"Can that be true, my friend?" cried Captain Leif.

"Surely it is true," replied Tyrker, "for I was brought up where there was no lack of grape-vines and grapes."

So the next day Captain Leif said:—"Now we have two jobs; one day we will gather grapes, and the next day we shall fell trees to load our ships." And this they did. And Captain Leif called the name of the country Vinland, because of the abundance of the grapes and vines there. The men remained in their new home during the winter, which was colder than they had expected. But they had enough to eat, for they caught numbers of fine fish in the river and bay, and we may imagine what great roaring fires they had in the open fire-places of their huts, around which they sat and told stories of the perilous voyages they had known.

In the spring they loaded their vessels with timber, and set sail for Greenland. All their friends were very glad to see them again, and to hear the story of their good fortune.

Was not the captain well called Leif the Lucky? For he was the first white man to find the great western world, to reach a great continent of whose existence none of the wise men among the nations of Europe had, before this time, even dreamed; was not this wonderful luck? And yet he never understood his own good fortune, nor knew what he had found. And though proud that he had been the first to sail so far, he did not want to try the voyage again, and when his younger brother Thorwald, an eager,

fiery youth, would talk about the wonderful, new country, and wish it could be further explored, Leif said: "You may take my ship if you wish, brother, and go with it to Vinland."

So Thorwald fitted out the ship again and two years later set sail for the new land. But he had not the good fortune of his brother. He took a number of men with him, thinking to found a colony. Soon after these had landed and found their way to the house left by Leif's men, they got into a fight with the natives, and in the struggle Thorwald was wounded with a poisoned arrow. He died and was buried there. His party passed the winter in the Vinland huts, but as soon as the spring time came hastened back to Greenland. Then his brother Thorstein was very angry with the men because they did not bring Thorwald's body with them, and immediately fitted out a ship to go and get it.

His faithful wife, Gudrida, went with him. It was late in the season when he started, and terrible storms met him. These drove him back, and so disabled his ship that he was obliged to land and spend the winter on a bleak, uninhabited point of the coast. And here, through exposure and cold, he died and many of his crew died also. And with the few that were left, Gudrida returned home in the spring bearing the dead body of her husband. But the body of Thorwald was left in its lonely grave in the wilderness. More than 800 years after, a skeleton in armor was found in the



STATUE OF LEIF ERICKSON.

earth near the head of Narragansett Bay. No one could say positively, who it was or when it was laid there, but there is good reason for thinking that it may have been the remains of the brave and unfortunate Norse warrior, Thorwald.

Did any of the Icelanders ever visit Vinland again, do you ask? Yes, in 1007, Thorfinn Karlsefne, a rich man who had married the brave Gudrida, set sail with her for Vinland. They took with them three ships, carrying one hundred and sixty men, some of them with

their wives and a good outfit of tools and furniture, besides cattle to stock their farms. They settled at a place they called Hop. It is thought that this is the very place which is now called Mount Hope. The Indians called it Montaup. Here the Icelanders stayed two years, and here Gudrida had a little son born which she called Snorro. This was the first white child born on the great western continent.

Thorfinn and his men trafficked with the natives, exchanging cloth and trinkets for furs, but, as white men have done from that day to this, they could not resist the temptation to cheat these ignorant people, and so got into trouble with them and had many fights. At last they decided to give up their colony and go back to Iceland, and this they did, and it is not known that any other Norsemen ever tried to settle on the great western continent which they had been the first to discover. It was a grandson of Snorro, and a great grandson of the brave Gudrida—Bishop Thorlak Runolfson—who first examined the records of these early voyages, and from the traditions that had grown up about them, separated the truth and set it down in the history of Iceland. So, though the Norsemen left no records on the western continent of their visit here, the account as given in Icelandic history is upheld by so much evidence, that it cannot be doubted. A statue to Leif Erickson, therefore, was erected at Boston in 1887, that the fact of his good luck might not be altogether forgotten in the western world. But now you may know what is meant by "mere luck." For had Leif's discovery been the result of long-studied and often-baffled purpose, as that of Columbus was, it could not have been utterly lost in results to the world.

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND A NEW WORLD.

1492.



HERE is a little rhyme which most of you know, which says:

“In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.”

How many of you can tell me who Columbus was, and why he crossed the ocean so long ago? It is a long story, but you want to hear it, I know, for it was this beautiful country that we live in, which Columbus came over the seas to find.

Christopher Columbus was born in the town of Genoa, in Italy, on the shore of the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, about the year 1436. His father was a very poor man who earned his living by combing wool. We do not know much of Columbus when he was a boy, but we know that though his parents were very poor, he and his brothers were sent to such schools as they had at that time and they were well taught.

Christopher, though he studied his books as well as the others, was also very fond of travel and adventure, and at the age of fourteen he went on a voyage with his uncle out into the Mediterranean Sea to fight the pirates. After this he made many voyages. We do not know much about these, but we know that he commanded a squadron in a war between the Venetians and the Mohammedans, and gained much renown. At another time when engaged in a fight with the pirates, his vessel took fire, and he saved his life by swimming, with the help of an oar, to the shore, which was six miles distant. But his ambitious spirit could not be confined to the Mediterranean, and he made voyages to the west coast of Africa, to the Madeira islands, to England, and visited Iceland, where he was no doubt told

of the discoveries of Leif the Lucky, and this must have made him more eager than ever to push his voyages over the great seas.

In the course of his wanderings, when he was about thirty-five years old, Columbus reached Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. While remaining there he was married to the daughter of a sea captain, and his wife's mother, seeing how he liked to hear about sea voyages, gave him all her husband's papers. In these Columbus found the record of several attempts which the king of Portugal had made to find the coast of India by water. India was a country which lay in the far east. Thence were brought many spices, silks and jewels which the people of Europe wanted, and for which they were willing to pay much money. But the only way by which these things could be brought to Europe was across a rude, wild desert where there were many robbers. So there were great rewards of riches in store for those who found a safer and cheaper way to reach this eastern land.

Columbus, as well as a great many other sailors, began to think of sailing out on the ocean to look for a water passage to India. But in those times it was not an easy matter to make a long sea voyage. For then the people knew nothing certain of the shape of the earth, nor what kind of people lived in it. Some said the earth was flat and if they sailed too far they would come to the end and fall off. Others said that it rounded and whoever went to the other side could not get back; for who could sail uphill? Those who had been farther south said that it grew more and more hot until they came to a place where the waves were boiling with a heat in which no man could live. In all the maps of this age the unknown parts of the world were shown full of strange and horrible monsters and evil spirits, waiting to destroy the daring men who should venture into their world.

But Columbus did not believe in all these stories, and he made up his mind to sail to India. Some philosophers had declared that the earth was probably a great round ball, and Columbus was sure that they were right. If so, he said, anyone by sailing straight west could reach India quite as easily as by going east. So he began to try to find some one who would help him make this discovery. But this was not easy to do, and Columbus was many years going from one king to another. At first he went to the king of Portugal. He hoped very much that this king would help him, for he was trying

to find a way to India, and had sent out many sailors to look for it, but as yet none of them thought of going west, they had always sailed toward the south of Africa. King John listened to all Columbus had to say, for Columbus was a tall, fine-looking man, who stood up bravely even before kings; and spoke so earnestly that it seemed as though everyone must believe him.

When Columbus had told his plan the king said he would think of it and sent him away until he could ask his wise men what they thought. I am sorry to say that these men advised him to do a very mean thing. At first they laughed at Columbus; but the king seemed to think so much about his words that they said: "Why not just send and find out for yourself? Then the people will say what a wise king you are, and will not know any thing about Columbus."

So King John pretended that he wanted to think over what Columbus had said, and borrowed his papers and maps. He then gave them to one of his own captains whom he sent out secretly to look for India. This captain was not brave and wise like Columbus, and after he had been many days out of sight of land he grew afraid, and, coming back, he told such stories about the dangers and horrors of the ocean

that everyone said: "Of course it is impossible to cross it." Then King John gave the papers back to Columbus saying that he did not care to try the new plan. But Columbus found out what the king had done and went away from Portugal very angry to think that a king would be so unfair. He took his little son with him, for his wife was dead, and there was nothing to make him want to come back to the land where he had been so unkindly treated. He next sent his brother to the king of England, while he himself went to his



SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

native city, Genoa; but the English king would not listen to the project;* and as for Columbus, when the people of the court of Genoa heard that he was the son of a poor wool-comber they would not listen to him either. So, discouraged and tired, the poor man started for Spain. He was now without money so that he had to walk, after he left the ship, leading his little son by the hand. He soon found friends with whom he left little Diego, while he went on hopefully to Cordova. It seemed now that he had come to the right place to find help. The reason it seemed so was that Spain was growing to be a very rich country. Ferdinand, the king of one of its richest provinces, had married Isabella, the queen of another rich province, and these two monarchs were called the two kings, because Isabella was as wise and strong and brave as any man. These two kings had put their soldiers together and soon had possession of nearly all the rest of the country. Columbus thought that this rich country, with its two wise rulers, would be glad to find a new nation with which to buy and sell.

But he had come at an unlucky time, for Ferdinand and Isabella were at this time carrying on a war with the Moors, an African people who lived in Spain. They were, therefore, too busy to attend to Columbus; but some of the great men to whom Columbus spoke were so sure that the good queen would want to be the one to find the new way to India that they asked him to stay. So Columbus waited patiently many years until the people began to laugh at him, and the boys on the streets tapped their foreheads when they saw him, as much as to say that he was crazy. And when, after some years, the war was ended and Ferdinand had time to listen, his wise men argued with him not to have anything to do with such a foolish plan, and Columbus was again turned away.

He was more discouraged than ever now, because so many years had been wasted in waiting. Still he planned to try again and was making ready to go to France, when a kind monk who had befriended the wise sailor all along, wrote to the queen and related to her what Columbus had said of the new passage to the rich country, of the

* One story is that Bartholomew Columbus, the brother, was taken by pirates and did not escape from them and reach England until after Columbus had finally set sail on his voyage to the New World.

many islands in the wide ocean, of the many heathen he thought there might be there who had never heard of the Christian religion. At last the queen was so moved by what the good priest had written, and by the arguments of one of her chief officers, who had favored the project of Columbus from the first, that she consented to aid in fitting out the ships. There was not much money in the treasury, she said, but she would pledge the crown jewels to raise enough for the purpose. So Columbus was at last successful, although he had waited such long, weary years that his hair was snowy white. But his heart was still strong and brave.

The ships which the queen had promised were given by the town of Palos in payment of a debt to the crown, so Columbus sailed from that harbor; but so full of fears were the people of the perils of the great ocean, that even after the ships were secured it was hard work to find men who would sail them. At last everything was ready, and on the 10th of August the little fleet of three ships sailed out of the harbor from the sight of weeping friends, who never expected to see them again. As I said before, it was very hard to get sailors at all, and those who came were so unwilling and afraid, that Columbus resorted to a trick to prevent their being frightened back too soon. He would every day reckon the distance they had sailed; but he kept two records; one for himself which showed the true distance, and the other for the men, which gave a great deal less than the true distance. He did this because he knew that if the land were a great deal farther off than he had told them it would be, they would say he knew nothing about it and want to turn right back.

Columbus had a very hard journey with his unwilling sailors, for they did nothing but complain. First it was a storm which they were sure would drown them, then because of fair weather and good sailing which they were sure was a bad spell to lead them on to an evil land. Their leader tried everything, kind words at first, then threats of the king's anger, to make them go on; but they were so set on going back that they laid a plot to throw Columbus overboard and go back without him, when such certain signs of land were seen that they gave up their wicked plan.

On the 25th of September, the sailors saw what seemed to be a ridge of cloud-capped mountains in the south west, and at the order

of Columbus all united in a hymn of praise. But the next morning, there was no land to be seen. Soon after this, however, a branch of a tree with green leaves on it was seen on the water, and pieces of wood and a carved staff were picked up. The night of the 11th. of October came. It was cloudless and the sky was brilliant with stars. Columbus was so sure that land was near, that he took his stand in



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE NEW WORLD.

the bow of the vessel, and eagerly gazed over the waves, which were almost still, so calm was the air. At last, at about ten o'clock he saw the gleam of a torch, far away in the west. He called first one and then another of the officers of his ship, and both saw the light, and said that it must be a torch for it moved about. Soon it disappeared; but Columbus and the sailors kept up their watch, and at two o'clock

in the morning, as the first gray of dawn was appearing, the dark outline of land was seen from all the ships. The rest of the night soon passed and the morning dawned, bright and beautiful. The eager sailors saw a lovely island spread out before them, covered with beautiful trees, grass and flowers. Men with dark skins and naked bodies were seen running about the shore. Then the ships' boats were lowered, and Columbus, dressed in scarlet robes, and with Castilian plumes on his head, led the crews, and they rowed to the land. The leader was the first to land, and immediately he knelt down and gave thanks to God for the great discovery. The men now gathered around him, and those who had been most discontented, wept, kissed his hands and implored forgiveness. Columbus then planted the cross on the shore, and the banner of Spain beside it, and took possession of the country in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

Off in the distance the simple natives of the land stood full of wonder. They had never seen any ships before and it seemed to them that the great white sails must be wings. So they said the vessels were large birds which had flown out of the faraway sky, and the white men seemed to them angels or gods who had come out of heaven. They were very kind to these strangers, bringing them food and many gifts; and when Columbus or the sailors gave them anything in return, such as beads, nails or bells, they were highly delighted, for these things were new and strange to them.

Columbus knew nothing of how large the earth really was and thought he had reached India. So he called these islands the Indies, and even yet they are known as the West Indies, and the natives of the New World have always been called Indians.

After visiting many islands, where he was always kindly received by the simple Indians, Columbus began to think of going home. About this time his largest ship, the Santa Maria, was wrecked, and he was left with only two small vessels, the Pinta and the Nina, in which to carry all his men back to Spain. So when a number of his sailors came and said that this was such a pleasant country and the way home so long they would rather not go, Columbus was glad to let them stay, and he had the rest of the sailors help them build houses of the broken ship. Then they started on the homeward voyage,

which was not at all pleasant, for this time it was very stormy so that they were afraid that the ships would be wrecked. Columbus himself was so afraid that he would never bring the news of his discovery to Spain, that he wrote an account of it and enclosed it in an empty cask which he threw overboard, hoping this might float to land if his ship did not. The storm at last calmed down, but it had separated the two ships. This troubled Columbus, for he feared that the captain of the other ship was hurrying to Spain to claim the great discovery as his own.

The ship of Columbus was so badly strained that he had to stop at a port of Portugal for repairs, and King John now heard of what he had missed by his unkindness to the wise stranger in his court. Columbus now refused to visit the king, for after what had happened he did not trust him, and feared that the king would try to keep him from going away. So, soon as his ship was mended, the great discoverer hurried to Spain where he was everywhere greeted with wonder and delight. Soon after the king and queen had heard his story the second ship came in, and, as Columbus had expected, its captain announced the wonderful discovery as his own. In answer the king reproved him for his deceit, at which Pinzon, the captain, was so ashamed and grieved that he went to his home and it is said that he never again went to sea but died of shame.

THE FATE OF COLUMBUS.

1493—1506.



OW that Columbus had found the new world, no one laughed at him or called him crazy. But some people who wished they were great too, began to say that Columbus was not so smart after all; anyone could have found this new country, all there was to do was to sail west. They said something like this to Columbus one day at table, and for an answer he took an egg and asked who could stand it on end. After each had tried it and given up, Columbus took the egg and when he struck it on the table so hard as to flatten the end, it stood readily. By this he meant to say to them: "Yes, it is very easy when you know how, but who thought of it?"

As soon as the first delight over the great discovery had worn off, the king and queen wanted very much to have Columbus go back to look further and find out the riches of this new land. The queen was much interested, too, in the Indians. Columbus had brought nine of the natives of the strange country with him, and the queen was much pleased at their simple, gentle manners and wished to have them taught the Christian religion.

It was not hard now to find sailors for his ships, and in about a year from the time he made his first voyage, Columbus returned to the new country with about 1,500 men. He was much grieved to learn that the men whom he had left on the island were not to be found. They had been so cruel to the natives that the latter had risen and killed them. The new ships stopped at this same island, which Columbus had named Hispaniola, and the men set to work to build the town of San Domingo. Most of the men who had come out with Columbus on the second voyage were adventurers who had expected to find gold lying about on the sands, and when they were disappointed in this and found they must work for a living, they

were very angry and said many unkind things about Columbus which afterward caused him much trouble. They tried to make the king believe that Columbus did not send him all the gold he had promised; others said that he was trying to set up a kingdom for himself in the new country.

Columbus was so troubled by these things that he left his brother to govern for him and, gathering a shipload of such treasures as he could find, went back to Spain. He showed the king and queen that the charges brought against him were all false, and obtained the royal sanction to make a third voyage of discovery. This time he sailed farther to the south, and on the 1st of August, 1498, he first saw the mainland of the western continent at the mouth of the river Orinoco, in South America. He did not know the land was part of a continent, however, he thought it was an island like the others that he had found. He then went back to San Domingo and found that there had been much trouble in his absence. Some wicked men had said it was Columbus the king had told them to obey, and not his brother. So they disobeyed the laws and went to another part of the island, where they treated the Indians very unkindly and made much trouble for their own people. Columbus now found it so hard to get these men to do right that he wrote to the king to help him, and as soon as the men in Spain who hated him heard of his trouble, they said it was because he was so cruel. The good queen did not believe this, but when many of the men who would not obey Columbus came back to Spain, bringing with them Indian slaves which they said Columbus had given them, she was very angry and said: "These people are my subjects and Columbus has no right to give them away." So she gave up trying to help this man who had added so much to the Spanish power, but let the king choose a man to take his place as governor and send home the rebels. This man did not try to learn whether the charges were true, but had Columbus and his brother both bound with chains, and taken on board the ship to be taken back to Spain.

When this vessel had set sail the captain offered to unloose the chains, but Columbus said: "The king said I should submit to what the new governor commanded, and I shall wear these chains until Ferdinand himself says they shall be taken off." So the great dis-

coverer came to Spain in irons, and this seemed such an injustice that even his enemies were angry, and the king sent word immediately for him to be loosed and brought to court. There he was very kindly received, and Columbus, who had borne all the unkindness without a word, when he saw how sorry the good queen was for his wrongs, knelt at her feet and burst into tears.

I am sorry to say that the king, although he sent out a new governor to take the place of the one who had been so unjust, never kept his promise to make

Columbus ruler over the lands he had discovered. Perhaps he feared that such a great and wise man might really try to make himself king. Perhaps he thought it was a good deal to pay for the ships in which Columbus should make his journeys when a great many were glad to go in their own ships. Or it may be that he really believed that Columbus was cruel to the natives. It is true that Colum-



COLUMBUS PRESENTING INDIANS TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

bus allowed these people to be made slaves; he thought that this would be the best way to civilize them, and induce them to accept the Christian faith. But he never allowed cruelty and it was because he punished the Spaniards so severely for their wickedness to the natives, that he was charged with being cruel. Under the new governor the Indians fared much worse, and great numbers of them

perished. I think Columbus must have been sorry sometimes that he had shown the cruel Spaniards the way to this pleasant land.

Although Ferdinand and Isabella would not let him go back to Hispaniola where he had been governor, Columbus was allowed to go on a fourth voyage of discovery in 1502. One of his ships got out of repair on the voyage and he wanted to take refuge in the harbor at San Domingo but the Spaniards would not allow it and sent him out in a dreadful storm from the very port to which he had led them. He then sailed west, believing that he would find the way to reach Asia, and touched on the shores of what is now Central America. On his way back, his vessels were so leaky that he had to stop near a little island, and though he sent word to the governor of Hispaniola of his trouble he was left there in the leaky ships for more than a year.

In that year Columbus had a very hard time. At first the Indians were kind and brought them food every day, but by and by some of the sailors rebelled because Columbus kept them on board ship, and ran away. Then there happened what Columbus had tried to prevent by keeping the men on board ship. These men were so cruel, and wronged the Indians in so many ways, that the poor savages grew angry at all the white people and would not bring Columbus and his men any more food. Then Columbus, who could tell the position of the stars and moon very well, tried by means of this knowledge to frighten the Indians. He knew by the position of the heavenly bodies that there was to be a total eclipse of the moon the next night. So he sent for all the Indian chiefs and told them that the white men worshipped a God who lived in the sky and this God took care of the white men and punished any one who hurt them. "Now," said he, "you have been cruel to the white man and tried to starve him, and for a sign that the God of the white men is angry, tonight the moon will grow dark." The chiefs pretended to laugh at Columbus but still they watched the moon, and when, as he said, a dark shadow began to creep over it, they were much afraid, and shrieked and begged Columbus to pray to his God not to punish them and they would do all they could to help him. So Columbus told them that if they would bring food to the white men the light of the moon would be restored, and soon after he said this, the

shadow slowly withdrew. The natives then brought him abundant supplies of corn and other food.

At last after much suffering, Columbus reached Spain again, to find his good friend, Queen Isabella, dead. In her death Columbus had lost his best friend, the only friend, indeed, through whom he could hope for justice. King Ferdinand had made many promises to him, but, after the Queen's death, he broke them all. After two weary years of waiting for justice, then, Columbus died in great poverty and, according to his last wish, in his coffin were placed the chains which were his reward from the ungrateful king. This monarch however, gave him a grand funeral in the town of Valladolid, and built over his dead body a fine tomb.

The bones of this traveler who had spent his life in journeying were not allowed to rest even in death, for they were soon tak-

en to Seville and afterwards removed to the new land he had discovered. There they were buried with great ceremony in a large church at San Domingo, where they lay quiet for nearly three hundred years. At the end of that time Spain was defeated in a war with France, and compelled to give up the island wherein Columbus lay buried. So the Spaniards put their goods in ships and prepared to sail; but



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

before they came away they asked their governor that the bones of Columbus might be taken with them. So the governor sent ships, the soldiers put on their best uniforms and with great ceremony they took the mouldering dust of Columbus from the very port where three hundred years before, his living body had been loaded with chains and sent away in disgrace. They carried the remains to Havana in a splendid coffin and placed them in a great cathedral, and there they are to this day, and if you should ever go there you could see the place where they lie with this writing above them.

To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world.

• This was the inscription which King Ferdinand had placed on the tomb of Columbus at Valladolid. But we know that the great discoverer gave a new world not to Spain only, but to all Europe.

THE PEOPLE THAT LIVED IN THE NEW WORLD.



BEFORE Columbus found his way over the trackless seas to San Salvador, even long before Leif the Lucky set sail from the shores of Iceland, this great, unknown western world was peopled with a race of men of whose history and origin almost nothing is known, even to this day. Columbus thought the land that he had found was a part of India, and for this reason called its natives Indians, but when white men came to know more about these people, they were found to be not at all like the Indians of the old world.

But how did they come to the western continent? For, as everybody knows, the home of the first parents of the world—Adam and Eve—was in Asia. And so it must be that the natives of America first came from Northern Asia, crossing the narrow waters of Behring's strait, but this must have been very early in the history of the world. For though there is some likeness between the language and customs of the people of Northern Asia, and those of the early natives of America, there are also great differences which make them seem like different people.

When America was discovered it was inhabited everywhere from the north polar regions, up in the country of icebergs, down to its extreme southern point which is almost in sight of the ice-fields of the south pole. These people have been supposed all to belong to the same race, but they differed much in manners and customs. Some were savages of the wildest kind; others were quite civilized. In the very northern part of the hemisphere lived the Eskimo tribes. These were savages. South of these were very many families or tribes differing in some things, but much alike in others. They were generally not so savage as the Eskimo, and further to the south they became more and more improved. In the southwestern part of what is now the United States and in what is now Mexico, lived the Aztec

tribes, which were very different from the other tribes of North America, and were quite civilized. There were also civilized tribes in the northern part of South America, but in the southern part the tribes were altogether wild and savage.

The North American Indians had a brown or copper-colored skin and long straight hair. They lived a wild, roving life, supporting themselves mostly by hunting. But they tilled the ground also, for they raised Indian corn, and beans and pumpkins. They did



AN INDIAN LODGE.

not have many tools for farming. They had hoes made by fastening a piece of deer's horn, or a bone, on a stick. In getting a piece of woodland ready for farming, they would strip off the bark of the trees in the summer time, so that these would die; then in the winter they would burn the trees down. They had rude axes made of stone, with which they could cut down small trees.

They had no iron, and for knives they used pieces of bone, sharp stones and shells.

Perhaps if the Indian men had been obliged to do their farming with these rude tools, they would have been more anxious to make them better. But they thought it was not manly for them to do anything but hunt game, or make war on their enemies. And so they made the women of the tribes, "the squaws," do all the hard work, and of course they did not care what clumsy tools these poor creatures had

to use. These squaws dug the ground for the corn and other crops, planted and harvested them. They skinned the animals which the "braves"—as the men called themselves—took in hunting; they prepared the meat, cooked it or dried it for future use, and made the skins into garments for themselves, their husbands and their children, using a long thorn needle and sinews of the deer for thread.

Do you want to know what kind of houses these Indians lived in? They had tents of bark supported by poles. For this they preferred the bark of the birch tree, which was very tough. They covered their houses in the very cold weather, also, with the skins of animals. They did not have much furniture. They used skins for their beds, or birch-bark mats; they had no chairs, for they sat on the ground, and they had no tables, for they had nothing to put on them. To make a bowl or dish, they lit a fire on a block of wood, and as it burned they scooped it out with a shell or sharp stone, till they had a hollow vessel. They cooked their food by putting water in these wooden kettles, and then throwing into it red-hot stones. When the stones had made the water hot, they put in whatever they wished to cook. Some tribes could make pots of earthenware, and others could cut them out of soapstone. These vessels of pottery or soapstone could be set over the fire. Fish and meat were cooked by being put on a stick and held over the fire, green corn was put in hot ashes to roast, and in the same way they cooked squashes and pumpkins and various roots. They made bread by pounding grain, mixing it with water and baking it in the ashes.

All the Indian tribes living near rivers and lakes made canoes. Some tribes made these by burning out a log slowly, scraping the charred part away with shells, until the boat was deep enough and of the right shape. Other tribes made canoes of wide strips of birch-bark, sewed together with sinews, and made water-tight with resin or other gums taken from trees.

How do you think an Indian made a fire to cook his food? He drilled a hole with a sharp stone in a block of wood. In this hole he put the end of a stick, and this stick he twirled so fast with the help of a bowstring that he set it on fire.

The clothing of the North American Indians was mostly made of the skins of the deer or beaver. They made of these mantles to be

thrown around the shoulders, leggins, and shoes or "moccasins." Both men and women were fond of adorning themselves with strings of sea-shells, which they called "wampum." They used this wampum also for money.

The Indian warriors often painted their faces in stripes of different colors, and decorated themselves with bears' claws and the rattles of snakes, to make themselves look fierce. These men had great courage in war, and would bear the worst pain, even cruel torture, which each tribe inflicted upon prisoners that it had captured, without a murmur. All the tribes had chiefs, and all important matters of peace or war were settled by a council of the leading men of the tribe.

The North American Indians had very little religion. They generally believed in a powerful invisible being which they called the Great Spirit, and they believed that after death the good people went to a beautiful country, which they spoke of as "the happy hunting-grounds." In every tribe there was a medicine-man, who dressed himself up strangely, and made the others of the tribe believe that he could drive away evil spirits. The Indians were very superstitious because they were so ignorant, and they thought that every harm that came to them was caused by an evil spirit.

There are some North American tribes, in the far west to-day, who are just as ignorant and savage as the first natives found by the white men in this country four hundred years ago. Some tribes have been partly civilized, and have learned to build houses, to work farms and to live as white men do. But most of the tribes have been killed off, to make room for the white men to live. The white men have never cared particularly whether the Indians had any chance to become civilized or not, all they wanted has been to get him out of the way so that white men could become rich by using his land. And so the Indians have been driven from the coast to the central plains and still further to the Rocky Mountains. And the few that are left are only allowed to hold lands that the white men do not want. If there is any thing good on their land, white men order them off, or pretend to buy their land from them. And if they do not like to be driven from their homes, or sell their land for almost nothing, the white men get up a war and kill them off.

In the central part of the great western continent, as I told you, some natives were found who were much more civilized than the Indians. In what is now New Mexico and Arizona, some tribes of this kind were found by the earliest explorers. Some of these lived in large buildings called pueblos. These were several stories high, and had within their walls many rooms, so that nearly a whole tribe could live in one building. Some of these great structures were made of stone but the most of them were of adobe, or blocks of clay dried in the sun. Other tribes lived in houses built in excavations or on natural terraces on the side of high cliffs. They were usually small houses of only a few rooms each, and it is supposed that they were used only in the winter, or as places of retreat from the tribes when attacked by enemies. On the banks of the Mississippi also there was a small tribe, called the Natchez, which lived in larger adobe dwellings. It is curious that the Natchez and also the people of Mexico, and of the northern part of South America all worshipped the sun, and had large temples to the sun in their cities, as the ancient Persians did.



INDIAN WOMEN BUILDING WIGWAM.

In Mexico the white men found a people much lighter in complexion than the North American Indians. They lived in large and beautiful cities, had a well established government, manufactured fabrics of various kinds, and worked in wood and in metals. Their religion was that of heathens, for they offered human sacrifices to their gods at stated times, but in other respects they were a people of mild character. They were not lazy like the North American Indians, but they were not physically strong, and when the white men

conquered them and made slaves of them, they died off so fast that some of the tribes are quite extinct.

In Peru, South America, other civilized nations were found who, like the Aztecs of Mexico, lived in fine cities. They had magnificent temples, beautiful palaces, and had built large and strong aqueducts and bridges. They were a mild people, and, living in a country abounding in precious metals, were very rich in gold and silver. This afforded a fine excuse for the white men to kill them off as soon as possible, and take possession of all their wealth.

After America had been settled many years and a powerful republic of white men had grown up here and had spread all over its central valleys, many traces were found of an ancient people that seemed to have been quite different from the Indians. Large mounds were found and in these were discovered weapons and household vessels of a kind that none of the Indians had ever made. As the Indians had no stories about these mounds it has been supposed that they were built by a people that lived here before the Indians. These people were spoken of as the Mound Builders, but of course no one knows what their real name may have been. And it has been supposed that they came over from Asia in very, very early times, and that after they had lived in this country many years, the wild race from which the Indians came, followed them. The wild people took possession of the country, and drove the Mound Builders away, and these went southward, and it is thought to have been their descendants that the white men found in the Natchez tribe, the Toltecs of Mexico, and the Peruvians. But all these people lived so very long ago that no one really knows anything about them. And to understand how it is impossible for us to know any thing surely about this people you must remember that none of them had any written language. Their only method of writing was by pictures, and even of this imperfect record very little now remains.

THE SPANISH CAVALIERS.

1499—1512.



THE SPANISH people were very proud of the fact that a Spanish ship was the first European vessel to visit the new world, though they were too selfish to give credit to the brave Columbus, who had guided their vessel thither. And they were eager to push forward their discoveries in the new country, especially as they believed that gold and precious stones were to be found there, and that they could enrich themselves by stealing the inhabitants and selling them for slaves, and in many other ways.

It is sad to think that Columbus, whose patience and courage opened the way to the new world, should himself die in poverty and need, while other men were reaping wealth through his discovery. It is sad to think that the people of Europe were so indifferent to the fame that he had fairly earned, that they did not even call the land by his name. But it is most sad to remember that Columbus never knew the true nature of his great discovery. He never knew that he had found a magnificent continent, unknown up to that time to the civilized world.

He believed to the day of his death that the islands that he had found were part of the Indies, lying east of the continent of Asia. Though on his third voyage in 1498, he saw the continent of South America, near the mouth of the great river Orinoco, he never knew that the land he saw was anything more than the shore of an island.

At that time there were many young men in Spain, eager for adventures by land and sea. Some of these had served in the wars with the Moors, others had taken part in other European wars, or in the conflicts with the Algerian pirates that infested the Mediterranean Sea. All were men of great personal courage, though many of

them were heartless and cruel, and all were eager and greedy for the wealth that was said to be found in the New World.

Among these cavaliers there was one named Alonzo de Ojeda. He was a small man but was said to be very strong. There was a story that he could throw an orange from the ground to the top of a great building in Seville, 250 feet high. It is known also that he was of a very daring spirit, that he never feared any danger, or shrank from any pain. He was with Columbus on the great admiral's second voyage, when he visited Hispaniola. After Columbus had made a third voyage, in which he discovered the mouth of a mighty river, the Orinoco, Ojeda got some rich men to help him, and fitted out a fleet with which he sailed to that place and explored the South American coast for many hundreds of miles.

He found many wonderful things. He found a city made up of houses built on piles in the water of a shallow bay, and this city he called Venezuela, or little Venice, for he thought it was like the great city of Venice in Europe, which had streets of water between the houses. The Indians had heard of the cruelties the white men had committed on the island of Hispaniola, and tried to drive them away, but as they had only bows and arrows, and the Spaniards had guns, the poor Indians were overcome, and were made to pay to the white men all the gold and precious things that they possessed.

Ojeda went home much pleased at his discoveries, and his friends induced the king to appoint him governor of the country he had found. But before he could get his vessels fitted out for another voyage, some one who wanted to get part of the gold that it was thought he had obtained in the New World, brought an unjust suit against him. Ojeda went into court to fight these unfair claims, but it was several years before the suit was ended, and then, though the judge said that Ojeda was right, and that he did not owe any money to these claimants, this unfortunate man had to pay so much money to the lawyers, that he had nothing left to fit out his ships. So he was obliged to struggle along for several years. At last in 1509, King Ferdinand sent out an expedition, with three hundred men, which was to form a colony and look for gold. After the expedition had started, Ojeda succeeded, by the help of his friends, in getting from the king a commission as governor of one of the provinces of the new

country, and he immediately followed the fleet in a small ship and joined it at Hispaniola. There were two men who joined this expedition whose names we shall give you to remember as we shall tell you some more about them. These are Hernando Cortez and Francisco Pizarro. But when the ships were ready to sail from Hispaniola Cortez had to be left behind because he was sick.

Ojeda set sail for the South American coast and cast anchor at last in the bay which the Spaniards had named Carthagena, because they meant to build a town there and call it New Carthage. The Spaniards afterward called the country New Granada; it is now called Colombia. But the natives there were very fierce. They had heard of the white men and were determined to drive them away.

One of the first things that Ojeda did was to organize an expedition to go inland, and search for gold. After going a short distance, however, they met a great army of the natives, who were armed with great palm-wood swords, osier shields and bows and arrows. Their arrows were poisoned, also, as the white men soon learned to their sorrow. The native wo-



MODERN INDIANS OF NEW GRANADA.

men came out with the men to fight, and they had large conch-shells on which they blew in the battle, to encourage one another.

When Ojeda met the natives he tried to make them understand, by signs, that he wished to be friendly with them. He had a priest go forward also and read a paper telling the natives that all the world belonged to a great pope who had given all the islands and continents in the western ocean to the King of Spain, and that this king had sent Ojeda and his followers to demand the submission and tribute of the natives. It is possible that if the ignorant natives had been able to understand this high-sounding proclamation, it might

have made some impression upon them, but as they did not know what a word of it meant, it is not strange that they would not listen, but only blew a war-note on their conch-shells and drew their bows. There was a sharp fight, but the Spanish guns at last made the Indians turn and flee. However, all who had been wounded by the arrows soon after died in great pain, and this cut down the Spanish army a great deal. Then Ojeda, who was always rash, insisted upon following the retreating Indians, though his companions begged him not to do so. They would not desert him, however, and when he would go on they went too. Then the fleeing Indians were joined by others of their tribe, and they turned around and surrounded the whites, and killed them every one except two, Ojeda and one other man. This other made his way back to the ship and told the Spaniards of the fights with the Indians. Then a number of men came on shore, and searched for many days, not daring, however, to go very far inland away from their ships, hoping to find some of their companions who had escaped from the Indians alive.

After some days they came to a large grove of curious trees which grow in the swamps but have roots rising far above the surface before the trunk of the tree begins. These are called mangrove trees, and can still be seen in many parts of Central and South America. The roots formed a great matted mass above the water of the swamp. At one place the men thought they saw something that looked like a man hidden among these roots. Looking closer they saw the man had clothing on. Then the men climbed in among the roots, and found Ojeda there, so overcome with hunger, exposure and weariness, that he could not speak. His sword was still in his feeble hand, however, and his shield was on his arm, but though there were marks of three hundred arrows on his shield, he was not wounded. His friends took him back to the ship, and took care of him till he was quite recovered. You might think that he had had enough of adventures in the new country by this time, but he was eager to go in search of more as soon as he was well again.

He then set sail with his ships for the bay of Uraba where, he had been told, the Indians were not so fierce. He founded a city on the shores of this bay which he called St. Sebastian. But he and his men had a hard time of it here. They had to build a stockade

around their settlement, and every time a white man went outside of this, some lurking Indian would shoot him with a poisoned arrow so that he would die. Then the white men suffered dreadfully for want of food, for the Indians were so unfriendly that they could not buy of them, and they did not see any chance of getting the stock of gold and silver which they were so anxious for. All this time Ojeda, though he exposed himself constantly, had never yet been wounded. He believed that the Virgin Mary took especial care of him, because he carried a picture of her on a string around his neck all the time. The Indians, too, began to believe that he was protected by some magic spell, and to make sure of it they had four of their best archers shoot at him at the same time. Three of the arrows glanced off from Ojeda's shield, but the fourth one wounded him in the thigh. His followers were of course terrified, and believed that he would soon die like all the others who had been hurt by the poisoned arrows. But Ojeda was too brave to yield even now. He had two plates of iron made white with heat, and placed one on each side of the wound and bore the horrible agony of their burning without a groan. After this, he had sheets dipped in vinegar, and wrapped around him, to cool the fever heat that seemed to fill his whole body, and, strange to say, he was quite cured by this treatment.

Soon after this a ship came to St. Sebastian from Hispaniola, filled with Spaniards eager to see if the colonists were not all getting rich. But when they saw the misery of the colonists they wanted to go away again. Ojeda said he would go with them and get a ship-load of supplies for his colony. He left Pizarro to manage the affairs of the colony in his absence and went aboard the ship. As soon as this vessel was out of sight of land, the officers put their new passenger in irons. However, soon after a great storm arose, and as Ojeda was the only man on board who could manage a ship in danger, and as besides they were beginning to fear that the Virgin would punish them for misusing her especial favorite, he was set free. But the storm only grew worse and worse, and at last the ship was broken and run aground on the coast of Cuba.

There were no Spanish settlements there, and the natives would not do any thing for them, for these had learned to dread the sight of a white man. They had to struggle through salt marshes, where

the water was nearly up to their waists, and they could get nothing to eat. The scanty supplies they had brought from the ship were soon gone, and still they struggled on, toiling through the mud and water during the day, and at night climbing up into the roots of the mangrove trees to sleep. Whenever they paused to rest, Ojeda would kneel down and pray, and declare that if his life was saved he would build a chapel and set the picture of the Virgin Mary among the heathen. At last, after thirty days of misery in the swamps, when nearly all their men had been drowned, Ojeda and a few survivors reached a village of friendly natives, where they were fed and nursed.

Before they left, Ojeda built a little hut, and put his precious picture in it, telling the Indians to take care of it, and he would come back some day and build a church. But he never did, nor did he have a chance to have any more adventures in search of gold. Though he got back to Hispaniola, he found no one who would help him again to fit out an expedition. At last he grew tired of trying for that, and became a monk. Some histories say that he introduced Christianity into Cuba, but there is no record to show that he did anything more than leave the picture of the Virgin there.

One thing in connection with Ojeda's voyages you may remember. There went west with him on his first voyage to South America, a rich merchant of Florence, Italy, whose name was Amerigo Vespucci. This merchant was so interested in what he saw, especially the chance of making money by trading with the innocent natives, that he made several other voyages, and gained great profits by them. At last, too, he wrote the first book that was ever published about the New World. This was written in Latin, and a German scholar who prepared it for printing, was so pleased with it that he proposed that the name America should be given to the new continent.

Other people thought this a good idea and so they took up the name. Columbus was now gone, he had died friendless and in poverty, and Vespucci was a rich man whom every one wanted to flatter. So the honor which rightfully belonged to Columbus, was given to a man who in no way deserved it.

THE FINDING OF A NEW OCEAN.

1509—1517.



WHILE Ojeda was struggling with hostile Indians, and horrors of starvation at St. Sebastian, an expedition was fitting out at Hispaniola to go to his aid. This was under the charge of a lawyer named Enciso, who had left his business and his briefs in Spain and come to the new world on the usual errand—to find gold. Ojeda had told him of the new city that he meant to build, and had invited him to come and take high office in it. So Enciso was going, but his preparations went on slowly. He wanted to take supplies and men enough to be of some help in building the city, and it took a long time to get them together. At last he was ready and started. Ojeda was at that time dragging himself through the swamps of Cuba, but of course, as there were no mails to carry news in those days, Enciso knew nothing about that. He set sail under clear skies, and in twenty-four hours was well out at sea.

On the second day of the voyage the sailors were removing some large casks of provisions from the forward deck down into the hold of the ship. Suddenly they were startled by hearing something move in one of the casks. While they were wondering what it could be, the top of the cask was lifted and out came a fine gentleman. His velvet coat was somewhat dusty, and his linen was crumpled, but the gentleman himself was as jaunty as you please. The sailors soon recognized their unexpected visitor. He was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a Spanish gentleman who had lived in Hispaniola. He, like all the others, had come from Spain to find gold, but as the precious metal was not lying about the streets of the Hispaniola colony, he was obliged to earn his bread by giving lessons in fencing. He did not have many pupils, and so he had to borrow money from his friends, and thus got dreadfully in debt. There was a law in Hispaniola

forbidding any one who was in debt to leave the island, but Balboa induced a friend to put him in a barrel and roll it on board of Enciso's vessel. Probably the friend knew that if he did not help Balboa to get away he would have to lend him some more money, and thought this was a cheap way of getting rid of him.

Enciso was a lawyer and was not at all pleased at Balboa's scheme for evading the law, and threatened to put the young man ashore on the next desert island they reached, but Balboa managed to talk him into a good humor. And when Enciso learned that his new passenger had made a previous voyage along the coast to which the vessel was bound, he decided to keep him, believing that he would be useful. The expedition went to Carthagena bay, and as they entered the harbor they were surprised to see another vessel coming in also. Still more astonished were they to find that this vessel contained Pizarro and the other men that Ojeda had left at St. Sebastian. These had been reduced so such a point of starvation that they could not stay any longer. They believed that Ojeda had been lost at sea, and resolved to try to save themselves by getting back to a Spanish settlement. Enciso, however, insisted on their going back to the gulf of Uraba with him. They found that the Indians had destroyed the fort that had been built at St. Sebastian, and when they tried to rebuild it the natives attacked them so fiercely with poisoned arrows that they were obliged to hasten back to their ships for safety. Balboa, who had visited the country before, suggested that they should go on to the river Darien where, he said, the Indians were not so fierce and did not use poisoned arrows. This was accordingly done, and as the Spaniards were able with their guns to drive the Indians from one of their villages on the river, they took possession of it and were quite comfortable. For the natives of this country had good houses built strongly of wood, and containing chairs and beds of wood, and good cooking utensils carved of wood and stone.

Enciso gave the village the name of Santa Maria. He now ordered that none of his men should traffic with the Indians for gold. The men were angry at this order, especially Balboa, who called Enciso a cunning old fox, and began to scheme to get the government away from him. At last Balboa got all the soldiers on his side,

Then they gave Enciso the choice of being imprisoned or going back to Spain, and he chose the latter, believing that he would find in Spain friends powerful enough to help him.

When Balboa was left in command, the Indians, who wanted to have all the Spaniards go, told them that there was another country which they called Cueva, thirty leagues to the north, where there was a great abundance of gold. Balboa went to that country with 130 men. He found there two Spaniards who had been saved from a wreck on the coast and had been kindly treated by the Indians. The chief or cacique, who was called Careta, also received Balboa in a friendly manner. His kindness was repaid by the return of the Spaniards, after a supposed friendly departure, to attack and conquer the town. The two Spaniards who had been saved from death by the natives, betrayed the chief into their hands. Balboa took Careta, his wives and children, and two vessels loaded with plunder, down to Santa Maria. Here he showed the Indians his war-horses, (and you must remember that horses had never been seen in this country till the Spaniards brought them over), also his armor and guns, and Careta was so impressed with his conqueror's power that he offered him his daughter as a token of friendship. Balboa then married the young girl, and made a bargain with the chief by which the Indians were to raise supplies for the colonists, and the Spaniards in return would help Careta in fighting a rival chief with whom he was at war. Balboa carried out his part of the contract, destroyed the other chief and laid waste his country, and in return Careta gave him many presents, and took him to visit another friendly cacique named Comagre, who gave them both a most hospitable welcome. Balboa was surprised to find that this chief lived in a large palace, 150 paces long and eighty broad, surrounded by a stone wall and covered with a roof of timber beautifully carved. It was divided into many rooms, and had abundant stores of provisions, and in one room were kept the dead bodies of the ancestors of the chief, which had been dried and embalmed, clothed in mantles embroidered with gold and precious stones, and then hung upon the wall with cords.

The chief Comegra had seven sons, the eldest of whom was a young man of high courage and generous spirit. He presented to

Balboa four thousand ounces of gold made into ornaments. A fifth of the metal was set apart for the king, according to the customs of the explorers, and in dividing the rest the Spaniards got into a noisy quarrel. This astonished the young Indian and disgusted him. He knocked over the scales, spilling all the gold upon the floor, and said: "What is this, Christians, is it for such a little thing that you quarrel? If you are so fond of gold as for its sake to desert your own country and disturb the peace of others, I will lead you to a province



A FOREST OF DARIEN.

where your utmost desires may be gratified." Beyond the mountains of the west, he said, there could be seen a mighty sea, on which were ships with sails and oars. The people who navigated these ships, he said, lived in a country where gold was used for the most common vessels, and where it was as plenty as iron in Spain—for the Spaniards had told him of the iron of their country, and showed him to how many uses it could be put.

Balboa was delighted to know of the existence of another ocean.

He was sure now of discovering the East Indies, which Columbus and other explorers had sought for in vain. That the way to this new sea was beset with many savage tribes, as Comagre and his sons assured him, did not daunt him in the least. He sent for provisions and men to Don Diego Columbus, the son of the great discoverer, who was then governor of St. Domingo. The large amount of gold that he sent, and the extravagant account of the riches of the country told by his messengers caused the Spanish people to give the region the name of Castila del Oro, or Golden Castile. But word was sent to Balboa that Enciso had gone to the king with complaints against him, and that he was to be called back to Spain to answer to charges before the court. Balboa therefore determined that when that order came it should not find him. Without waiting for the men and supplies from St. Domingo, he set out upon the search for the great ocean with 190 men, about 1,000 friendly Indians, and a pack of bloodhounds. These dogs had been trained by the Spaniards to hunt down the runaway Indians, and the poor natives were dreadfully afraid of them.

Balboa set forth on his journey Sept. 1, 1513. The Indians told him he would come to the great sea in six days. But the march was so difficult that it took a much longer time. He had to climb high mountains whose sides were covered with dense and matted forests. Many of the men gave way under disease and fatigue, and had to be sent back to the charge of the friendly Indians. Some very unfriendly tribes were met also and the Spaniards had to fight them, before they could pass over their land. Only sixty-seven of the Spaniards were left when, on Sept. 26, 1513, the party approached the summit of a mountain, from which the Indians said the great sea could be seen. Balboa told his men to halt, and he climbed along the last height, from which he saw before him the boundless expanse of the western ocean. He knelt down there and offered thanks to God for having brought him in safety to this wonderful sight. His followers then climbed the point of the mountain also. *A te deum*, or hymn of praise, was sung, and then the explorers took formal possession of the land and sea, crosses of stone were erected, and the name of the king was cut upon the trees. Some more days of travel were needed to reach the shore of the ocean. As he reached the coast on St. Michael's day, he named the inlet of the sea there

San Miguel, by which name it is still known. Here he waded into the water above his knees and took possession of the ocean in the name of the King of Spain. (See Frontispiece.)

The Indians on the western side of the mountains gave Balboa even fuller accounts of the great country of gold to the south, but he had not men enough to attempt to go and conquer it then. But he struggled through the forests back to Santa Maria, carrying with him treasures valued at nearly half a million of dollars, and at once sent letters to Spain telling of his great discovery. Then he determined to build a fleet to explore the ocean. He had the timber cut and prepared in the country of his father-in-law, and then carried by the Indians over the mountains. Hundreds of the poor creatures broke down and died under the labor. At last, however, two vessels were completed, in which Balboa visited and explored some islands not far off which he named the Pearl Islands. Bad weather, however, prevented his sailing immediately for Peru, the great country of gold.

But meanwhile Balboa's enemy, Enciso, had secured the appointment of another governor in Balboa's place, whose name was Dom Pedro D'Avila, but he was generally called Pedrarias. This man when he reached Darien sent a messenger for Balboa. The explorer was then on the other side of the isthmus, having just returned from the Pearl Islands, and went back quite unsuspecting of danger. Pedrarias seized him and put him in prison. While he was thus confined word came from Spain that the king, having heard of Balboa's great discoveries, had signed a paper making him assistant in the government. But Pedrarias was determined to get him out of the way. He charged him with being a traitor to the government, and forced the judge to declare him guilty and pass sentence upon him. Balboa had no way of escape from his cruel enemy, and so he was condemned and beheaded, with four of his friends, in the Indian town of Acla in the province of his father-in-law. Thus perished in 1517, one of the bravest of the New World explorers, when only forty-two years old.

It was now twenty-five years since America was discovered. The Spaniards had taken possession of almost all the West India islands, and had nearly destroyed their native inhabitants. They had also made a permanent settlement on the isthmus of Darien, and had found the great Western Ocean, as you have just read.

THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

1498—1522.



THE success of one man in any difficult work makes all men brave to do hard things. Before the New World was found, though the people of Europe were very anxious to find a passage to India by sea, they had not yet discovered the easiest passage thither, by sailing around the lower part of Africa. They had tried to find that way several times, and had sailed many miles down the African coast, but as they did not know how far Africa extended to the south, they always became frightened and came home without finding its southern point. But after Columbus and his companions had made their way westward over the trackless ocean, every sailor felt his heart grow bold, and he was eager to take long voyages in search of strange countries.

You remember how meanly the Portuguese ruler, King John, acted toward Columbus, how he tried to steal Columbus' plan of a voyage, but failed because his sailors were too cowardly to follow it out. And then when he heard of the great discovery that Columbus had made, he was filled with shame and rage. This king died three years later, but his successor, Don Manuel, was eager to make discoveries. In 1498, he sent out Vasco de Gama to try again for the eastern passage to India. De Gama did try and was successful in rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and finding his way up through the Indian Ocean; he visited the country of India and the adjacent islands, and then came home the same way that he went.

In 1500, an expedition under an adventurous nobleman, Dom Pedro Cabral, was sent out by the king, to go to India by the route that De Gama had found. Great things were expected of this expedition, for the pope had blessed a cap and sent it to Cabral to wear to bring him good luck. But when these vessels had passed the Cape

Verde Islands, a strong wind drove them away from Africa, and across the Atlantic, to the shores of what they thought was a large island. Great bands of natives came to meet the strangers, whose appearance was so strange that the Portuguese were much amazed—for these people wore no clothing, but had their skins painted with bright colors, and had bunches of gay colored feathers in their hair. Dom Pedro Cabral did not fight these strangers, he merely gave them some beads in exchange for fruit and corn, and told them that they were from that time to be the subjects of the King of Portugal, and as they could not in the least understand what he said, they probably were not much impressed by the statement. Dom Cabral then turned his ship eastward and went on to India by way of the south point of Africa. But when he had come home and told the king of the western land he had visited, another royal expedition was sent that year, and after its return the next year, still another was dispatched. Both of these expeditions were under Amerigo Vespucci. Much of the coast was explored by these expeditions and they found some new and valuable things, dye-woods and spices and fruits and monkeys and parrots which they took home with them. Among other things they found great quantities of a bright, red wood, to use for dyeing. This the Portuguese called brazil, or burning, wood, so the name Brazil was given to the new country. But these explorers found things in the new land less agreeable than dyewoods and monkeys; they found cannibals, who, if they caught a sailor, insisted upon roasting and eating him. So explorers, much as they wanted to get the valuable things that grew in Brazil, were rather slow about paying visits to the cannibals.

There was some dispute now, between Spain and Portugal, as to which one this new land belonged. The pope, in those days, not only had control of the spiritual world, but of the political to a large extent as well. As the new country was discovered by Columbus, a subject of Spain, a Catholic country, he claimed the right to distribute it at pleasure, so divided all the lands, discovered and undiscovered, in the New World, between Spain and Portugal. He fixed as a boundary, a line running from the north pole to the south pole, three hundred leagues west of the Azores. All the country on the east of this line was given to

Portugal, and all on the west to Spain. Now you may understand why it was that the English people, the most adventurous race in the world, were so slow in following up the discoveries in the New World. They did not want to offend either the Spaniards or the Portuguese, and get into a war with them, and besides, they had been used to paying almost as much deference as other people to the laws of the pope.

To be sure, before the division above spoken of had been made, the Cabots had made a couple of voyages, but after that England rather held off from helping explorers from motives of policy, and France was inactive for the same reason.

There was at this time a daring Portuguese mariner, Ferdinand de Magellan, who had joined the service of Spain, rather than that of his own country, because he was promised greater rewards there.

He was a shrewd man, and fully understood the shape of the earth, and the principles of navigation. He was quite sure that the Molucca and Spice Islands, which had been reached by Vasco de Gama by going around Africa, could be reached by sailing westward, and thus could be made to come in the pope's gift of the new world to Spain. So he induced the government and some wealthy men to



FERDINAND DE MAGELLAN.

fit out an expedition for this purpose. It had five ships and two hundred and thirty-six men and these set sail from the harbor of Seville in 1519. He followed the line of Vespucci's voyage westward, reached Brazil, and cruised along its coast southward, until he came to a great opening in the land. This delighted the eager navigator very much, for he thought that he had now found the western passage to India. But, after sailing into this gulf he discovered that its waters were fresh, so he knew that it could not be an arm of the ocean, and finding by going further that the narrowing banks proved it to be only a river, he hurried back to the sea again. He had no desire to make the acquaintance of the naked savages that flocked down to the shore to watch his vessels, for his sailors said these natives were cannibals. If you will look on your maps of South America you will recognize the gulf that deceived Magellan, which was the mouth of the Rio de la Plata.

Many miles farther to the south Magellan brought his ships to anchor on the coast and sent a band of men on shore to get fresh water. These men came back after a time, in great alarm, telling of some enormous beings they had seen, who had flat broad feet like those of dogs. These natives came down to the seashore and looked at the ship. They were, indeed, very tall and large, and as Magellan could not see their feet very well at that distance, he took it for granted that the story told by the frightened sailors was true, and called the country Patagonia, meaning the land of the pad-footed race. It was many years before the Patagonian land was explored, and then it was found that the people there had feet just like other human beings. Either the men with feet like dogs had all died off, or Magellan's sailors had been so frightened when they went ashore there that they did not know what they saw. We know that a little scare will explain many a wonderful traveler's tale.

When Magellan had reached the southern point of the Patagonian land he passed through a strait which he called the Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. But geographers have always called it the Strait of Magellan. To the south he saw a bare island; on this island was a volcano, which was sending out volumes of smoke, and he called it Terra del Fuego, or the land of fire. The ships were twenty days in passing through these straits, for the sea was rough,

and the danger of being wrecked on the rocky shore was very great. If Magellan had only sailed some miles farther to the south, around the "island of fire," he would have had an easier passage. He would then have passed around the southernmost point of land in the New World—Cape Horn. Sixty years after Magellan's voyage this cape was first seen by Sir Francis Drake. In 1609 a Dutch sailor rounded it and called it Cape Hoorn from the town of "Hoorn," in Holland, where he was born. But it is now generally called Cape Horn.

At last the vessels came out on a broad and boundless ocean. This was the great ocean which Balboa had seen, and Pizarro tried to navigate in little boats. Magellan

found its waters so peaceful that he named it the Pacific Ocean. Then Magellan sailed to the northwest, and though his voyage was not disturbed by storms, he and his soldiers suffered very much for lack of water and provisions. Day after day, they sailed on, with nothing to see but a broad expanse of water and sky.

The sailors were even more discouraged, no doubt, than those of Columbus, but no one thought of turning back, as they felt that it was safer to go on. At last they reached some beautiful fertile islands, covered with trees bearing fruits of all kinds. They went

ashore here and bargained with the

natives for food, and when their hunger was relieved they felt better. These natives were not at all shy and wanted to go on board the ships, but when they were permitted to do so they stole everything they could lay their hands on. So Magellan, when he sailed away from the islands called them the *Ladrones*, which means "the robbers." So the vessels sailed on till they reached other islands which they called the Philippines in honor of King Philip of Spain, and here they landed and stayed



CAPE HORN.

some time. They had got into trouble with the natives at last, and in a fight Magellan was killed. So the sailors thought it was time for them to try to get home again. Their ships by this time had become so worn, that only one seemed strong enough to trust to the mercy of winds and waves. In this, all the sailors who were left embarked, and going by way of the Moluccas, to get a small cargo of spices, they took their way homeward. They crossed the Indian Ocean, went round Africa, and reached Seville, September 7, 1522. They had been away three years and twenty-eight days, and in that time had done what no one before them had ever accomplished; they had sailed all the way round the globe.



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

1512.



N THE story of Columbus we learned that in his time there existed beliefs in many strange and impossible things. People were just beginning to learn and had heard of so many wonders that nothing seemed impossible. A marvel that many believed in was what they called "the philosopher's stone," one that would turn every thing it touched to gold; and precious years were spent in looking for it. It must surely exist, men said, for it had been found once by a poor philosopher. This man had been hunting for years through one rocky field after another, testing each stone as he found it by rubbing it on a piece of metal which he held in one hand. He had become so used to the action of throwing the stone away each time that when, at the touch of one, the iron turned to shining gold, habit was too strong for him and before he could stop himself that stone went after the rest, and hunt as he would, it was never found again.

Another wonder for which men had sought through all the known countries was the Fountain of Youth. The poets had sung of this wonderful fount, wherein one grown old and weak could bathe and find himself young and strong again; but no one could find it. When the New World was discovered, with its beauty and gold, not even the wildest fairy stories seemed too wonderful for belief and the people were not surprised to find that among the Indians there was a legend like their own about this wonderful fountain. They were all too busy, however, hunting for gold to pay much heed to this story except one man. This man was Ponce de Leon. He was the first Spaniard who landed in what is now the United States and it would be interesting for you to know about him, and why it was he kept in mind the story of the Fountain of Youth.

Ponce de Leon was a cavalier or nobleman of Spain. His home,

as his name tells, was in Leon, the province that first belonged to King Ferdinand alone. Columbus' friend Isabella was queen of Castile before her marriage, and by far the greater number of Columbus' followers were Castilians, but the cavalier of whom we are speaking was one of the few from Leon. De Leon sailed with Columbus on his second voyage and proved himself a brave soldier. At the time of this second voyage, or even by a third or fourth, people knew but little of the New World beyond the West India Islands. These were taken possession of, one by one, by some daring captain whose reward would be the governorship of the island.

Whether De Leon had come out, as so many of the cavaliers did, to mend his fortunes, we are not sure, we only know that, unlike most adventurers, he was an old man. He may have come to win power and fame, for soon after he made his first visit to the Indies he landed in Porto Rico with a band of followers and, subduing the poor Indians who inhabited it, was made governor,

It was a fruitful island and here, as in other places, the Spaniards took advantage of their superior strength to make the Indians work for them, and before many years De Leon was as rich as his wildest dreams could have made him. Still he was not happy, for with all his good fortune he was growing old and saw only too plainly he would not have long to enjoy his wealth.

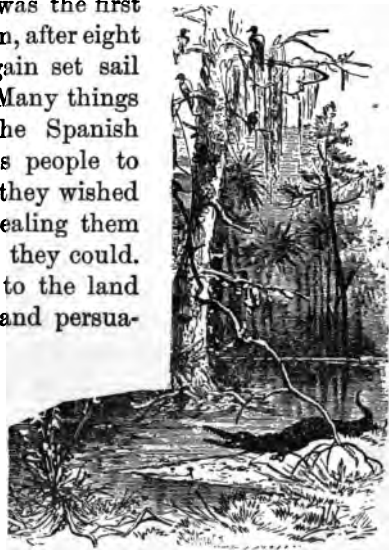
Now the story he had so often heard of the fountain which would restore his vanished youth seemed always in his mind and he asked of the Indian slaves where it was to be found. For answer they always pointed to the northwest. At length something happened which decided De Leon to go on a voyage to the northwest. Through some mischance his office was taken from him and either through his fault or misfortune the old man found himself in trouble and disgrace. His plans were soon made. He would use his great fortune to fit out an expedition to seek this fount which would not only restore his youth but render his name famous.

In the spring of 1512 he set sail for the Bahamas. There was no sign of the fount there, old people were there just as in any other place and they knew of no way to grow young. So De Leon sailed on and one Easter morning early in April he anchored on the

shore of a beautiful land of flowers. Because of its beauty as well as from the day, which the Spanish call Pascua Florida, De Leon called this new land Florida. If you look on the map for the city of St. Augustine you will find the place where this visionary old man first looked for the fountain of youth in this land of flowers. He explored the coast from this place toward the south, rounding the cape and finally reaching the Tortugas or Tortoise Islands.

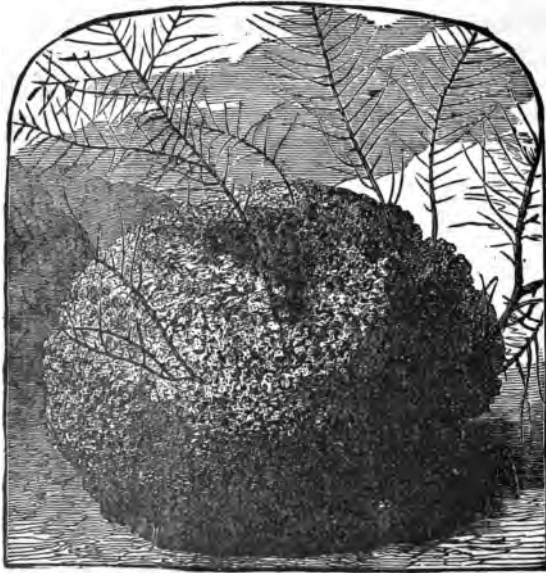
He found forests close and dense, with many trees such as he had never seen before, many of them laden with beautiful, sweet-smelling flowers. He found wide, impassable swamps with many strange beasts and birds therein, but there was no sign or token of the beautiful Fountain of Youth. But he would not give up, and he returned to Porto Rico with his mind intent upon a farther search.

On reaching home the aged explorer sent a report of his voyage to the king, and Ferdinand, ever ready to aid where it would add to his own power, gave him leave to explore wherever he wanted, and appointed him governor of whatever lands he should conquer. We do not know whether De Leon told the king of the Fountain of Youth, but that was the first thought in the old man's mind when, after eight weary years of preparation, he again set sail for Florida, the land of flowers. Many things had happened in those years. The Spanish king had given permission to his people to enslave the Indians as much as they wished so they had begun to sell them, stealing them away from their homes whenever they could. One man named De Ayllon went to the land which De Leon had discovered and persuaded the Indians to come on his ship to visit him. As soon as a great many had come, he suddenly set sail and carried them away for slaves. Their friends on the land were very angry at this and did not want to see any more white men.



A FLORIDA SWAMP.

De Leon came again the very next year and the Indians, still mourning their lost friends, tried to drive the strangers away. The sailors resisted and in the battle De Leon was shot with an arrow. The sailors hurried to the ship carrying their leader with them and set sail for home. De Leon did not live long after this. Disappointed in his search for youth and glory, he died as much from grief as from the pain of his wounds, and after this no one sought again for the Fountain of Youth.



SPONGE FROM THE FLORIDA COAST.

THE FIRST SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

1498—1523.



OU will remember that Columbus, while he was still vainly asking for aid in his search for the New World, sent his brother Bartholomew to the English king, Henry VII, on the same errand. But King Henry was a man who never wasted his money, and as the wise men of his court scoffed at the idea of another world beyond the seas, he would not have anything to do with the plans of Columbus. But when the new world was found by the Spaniards, then he was vexed enough that he had no share in the glory of the discovery.

There was at that time in Bristol, England, a merchant who had come from Venice. His name in the Venetian language was Zuan Cabato, but the English translated it into John Cabot. This man had been a sailor in years past, and had crossed the Mediterranean Sea many times. He had visited the provinces of the north of Africa and of Asia Minor, and had been to Mecca in Arabia, where he had seen caravans of traders bringing spices from India. He asked these men where they got their spices, and they told him that they bought them from men of other caravans who brought them from other countries still farther to the east. Cabot then concluded that India, where these spices were said to grow, must be in the most eastern part of Asia, and as he had studied geography enough to be sure that the earth was round like a globe, he was certain that one could reach India by sailing westward.

When John Cabot heard of the success of Columbus he was eager to try a voyage of discovery also. So he applied to King Henry for permission to go, and the king gave him "a patent" as they called it, permitting him and his three sons "to sail to all parts and continents and seas, of the East, West and North." They were empowered to find new lands which were to be added to the domin-

ions of his most gracious majesty, the king. Really, there was no reason why the merchant should not have started on this expedition of discovery without this gracious permission, for he was obliged to bear all the expenses of the trip—the king being too stingy to risk money on it, though he kindly promised that if the Cabots found any gold or other valuable things, they might take enough of these to pay the cost of the journey, before giving the rest to the king. In those times kings loved to pretend that they owned all their subjects, and would not let them leave the country or undertake any important work without royal permission.

Now John Cabot, though he had lived in Bristol some years, was a native of Italy, and had been a citizen of Venice before coming to England. It was in Venice that the most gifted of his sons, Sebastian, was born. Both father and son were acquainted with navigation, and though, of course, they knew nothing of the formation of the land of the New World, they fancied that the Spaniards were making a mistake in looking toward the south for a way to India. They would sail to the northward, they said, where they believed a passage could be found. And thus began that great search, tried again and again for 350 years at the cost of the lives of hundreds of brave men, whose object proved to be of no use to any one when it was at last found,—the search for the northwest passage.

John Cabot set sail in the spring of 1497. His son Sebastian was with him; a young man not more than twenty years old, but brave and wise far beyond his years. The expedition went from Bristol to Iceland, and then west. June 24, land was seen, which was found to be part of an extensive country. It was indeed the great continent of North America, and after the Norse-king's fleeting and forgotten visits, this was the first discovery of a continent destined to bear a wonderful part in the history of the world. The part of the coast seen was Labrador. Cabot had hoped that he could make his way direct to India, but after following the coast line and finding that it stretched a long distance to the north, he was, as he says, "filled with much displeasure." On the land he saw "white bears, and stagges greater than the English." After sailing northward some time, a large inlet was found running into the land. This was the inlet leading into Hudson's Bay. Cabot entered it joyfully, believing

that he had found the passage to the Indies, but his sailors did not share his hopes. They were very discontented and before they had gone far on the waters of this strait they became so mutinous that Cabot was compelled to turn his ship around, and sail back to England again.

There were no profits from this voyage, and the king was not at all pleased, but in the next year he gave a warrant to the Cabots to take "six shippes" for another voyage. The king offered to help in getting up this expedition. While it was in preparation John Cabot died, but Sebastian was so filled with desire to find the passage that the good old man had so strongly believed in, that he went on with the work of getting the "shippes" ready, and sailed in 1499. He took three hundred men with him this time, and went to the same coast that he had visited before. Here he left part of his men to form a colony, and went farther north to seek for the passage. This time he pushed northward into the water now known as Davis' Strait, but he was stopped by the ice there, and forced to go back. Returning to his colony he met with another disappointment, for the men there had suffered so much from cold and hunger that they had not had courage



IN HUDSON STRAIT.

to explore the country or cut down trees to build more comfortable houses; they had just given way to their misery and homesickness, and had laid down in their miserable huts and many of them had died. Cabot then took the remaining ones on board his ship again and cruised as far south as Cape Florida and then went back to England.

When King Henry found that Cabot had again come home without having found the way to India, he was very angry and treated the brave captain very coldly. He was even mean enough to refuse to pay as much of the cost of the expedition as he had prom-

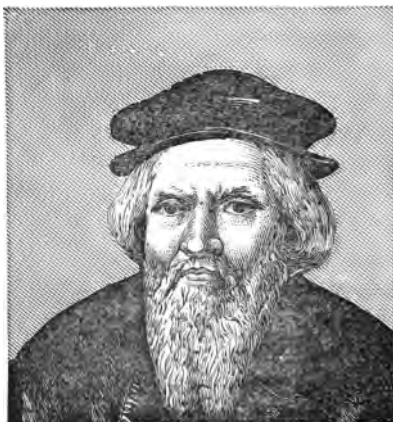
ised because he said his agreement had been made with the elder Cabot, and not with the young man. And when the next year Cabot said that he would make another voyage if the king would help him, his royal highness sullenly refused. So Cabot fitted out a ship and went out to make discoveries "on his own hook," but we fancy that he was not able to make a long voyage, for history does not tell us where he went or what he did. We think, however, that he did not give up his faith in a northwest passage, but he had not money enough at that time to fit out any more vessels of discovery.

We do not know very well what Cabot did between 1500 and 1512 but it is probable that when he was not journeying about he was looking after the business that his father left in England. Henry VII had died, and Ferdinand of Spain, who was becoming very jealous of other kings that tried to make discoveries and gain dominion in the New World, was afraid that the new king, young Henry VIII, would employ Cabot to carry on further explorations. So King Ferdinand sent for him, and employed him for several years revising maps and charts of the discoveries that had been made by Columbus and others. Then in 1516 the king planned another expedition to make farther search for the passage to India, and told Cabot that he must prepare to go as captain. But Ferdinand died before the expedition was ready. His successor was his daughter Juana, who was insane most of the time, and Cardinal Ximenes was made regent. Ximenes said he had not the authority or means to fit out the ships, and the voyage was given up. Cabot then went to England, and the king gave him help enough to make one ship ready for a voyage. Again he went to the Labrador coast, and sailed north into the wide inlet of water running into the land. Again, after several days sailing up this bay, his men refused to go any farther. Cabot was quite angry with them, and would have insisted upon their obeying orders and going on, but his second in command, who had been appointed by the king to help him, took part with the mutinous sailors, and Cabot was obliged to go home again without having gained the object of his hopes. Whether he gave up the idea of the possible northwest passage or not, we do not know, but we know that he never had an opportunity to search for it again.

Would you not like to know some more of Sebastian Cabot?

He was a remarkable man in his time, and, indeed, he was a man of whom it is worth while to know, as his virtues and courage would have made him a remarkable man in any time.

When he came back to England from his third unsuccessful voyage, there was a dreadful sickness raging in that country, and no one would take any interest in voyages. And soon after this, the grandson of Ferdinand, Charles V, having come to the Spanish throne, sent for Cabot, and made him pilot major of Spain, with rank of captain, and a good salary. And after a few more years, in 1523, another expedition was planned to go to the New World, and Cabot was to go with it. The plan was to go to the Molucca Islands. Portugal said that was her territory, and the Spanish must not go to it. You know that the pope had made a division of the territory of the New World, and had declared that all on one side of a certain line belonged to Portugal and all on the other side to Spain. So a great council of navigators was held at Badajos in 1524, and Cabot was one of them, and it was decided that the Molucca Islands belonged to Spain.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

This made the Portuguese government very angry, and they determined to harm the expedition all that they could. They first had three men, enemies of Cabot, made part of the crew. But when these men became mutinous Cabot promptly had them arrested and put them ashore on the next island they reached. This was off the coast of Brazil. Cabot wanted to explore the great La Plata river, though he knew that the man who had been pilot major before him, De Solis, had been murdered by the Indians there. So he sailed boldly up the river. When he came to the place where the La Plata becomes the Parana river, he left a few men and a ship there and

went up the river in small boats. A short distance up he built a fort on the shore, left part of his men there and went on. Thus far Cabot had had no trouble with the Indians, for he treated them kindly and forbade his men to be cruel towards them. But after he had come to the mouth of the Paraguay and had sailed a number of miles up this stream, a brutal act of one of the men brought a whole army of the natives against them. Cabot was obliged to fight now to save his small force from being destroyed, and with such courage and skill did he manage his men that though three hundred of the Indians fell, only twenty-five of the Spaniards were killed.

Now after Cabot had left Spain, the Portuguese government had sent after him Diego Garcia, instructed to harass him in every way. This man reached the little band on the La Plata the day after the fight with the Indians. He set himself to work to create discontent among the sailors. So Cabot soon saw that it would be best for him to break off his explorations and go home to get a larger force. He was convinced that if he pushed far enough into the new country by this way, he would find the rich country of Peru, or another like it. But he knew that it would be madness to run the risk of assault by unfriendly natives, and of treachery on the part of his men. So he went back, but his enemies had gained power with the government, and though he was restored to the office of pilot major, he never could induce anyone to aid him in carrying on his discoveries. He then returned to England, where he lived to be an old man, and was very highly honored for his bravery and sound wisdom. He lived to be about eighty years old, but the date of his death, and the place of his burial, are quite unknown to this day.

HOW THE SPANIARDS ENTERED MEXICO.

1519-1520.



HE natives of the New World were, of course, very ignorant of the customs of what was called civilization, but they were simple minded, kindly, and honorable, and they could not understand the greed and avarice of the white men who had come among them. Why these strangers should leave their own homes and come to the New World to murder and destroy a people that had never done them any harm, just for the sake of a poor cheap thing like gold, which they could neither eat, drink nor wear, this was something that puzzled the innocent Indians very much. A little incident is told of them which shows this.

When the Spaniards had taken possession of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, the natives of the neighboring island of Cuba naturally expected that their country would be soon invaded also, by these strangers. So one of the chiefs sent a messenger secretly to Hispaniola, to find out all he could of the new people. When this man had come back, bringing full report of what the white men had done, the chief listened with great interest. Soon after, he called his people together, and placed before them a basket heaped up with trinkets and carvings of gold. "Behold," he said, "this is the god which the white man worships. Let us, therefore, offer prayers to this god, that when the white man comes, he will not be allowed to murder and torture us." After these prayers had been performed, the chief again said: "Now it is of no use to conceal this god of the white men, for they will find it even though it were hidden in the inmost parts of our bodies, but we will put it out of his way entirely," and with that the chief ordered the gold sunk out of sight in the river.

Do you want to know what became of this poor foolish chief, who thought that prayers offered to senseless trinkets would do him

good? Of course the white man came to his country at last, and of course they plundered him of every thing that he had, and set him to work as a slave. He could not submit to this patiently, so he was beaten cruelly, and at last was put to death.

The men who, with Ojeda, struggled through the swamps of Darien, as I have before told you, were the first to bring back the story of a wonderful country of gold, called El Dorado. There, they said, gold was so plenty that even the common people ate and drank from golden vessels. The king and his attendants of the court lived in a great palace all covered with gold so that it shone like the sun, and the monarch and all the great people wore for their daily garments robes embroidered in cloth of gold. Many more wonderful stories were told of this country of gold, and, of course, as they were repeated such stories did not lose anything in the telling, so that when they got back to Hispaniola and to Spain, they set men wild with eagerness to go in search of this wonderful country. Many who went on this quest met with terrible hardships and yet found no gold at all, but some secured great wealth. Now, though it seems probable that the natives who told these stories to the Spaniards hardly believed them themselves, but exaggerated them intentionally, wanting to deceive the cruel Spaniards and make them go away from their country, yet it was found that there were two countries in the New World where gold was very plentiful. One of these was the country of Anahuac in Mexico, and the other was the country of the Incas in Peru. The story of the conquest of these countries by the Spaniards is one of horrible cruelty and bloodshed, in which, we grieve to say, the avarice and brutality of man justified itself on the plea of acting in the name of the holy religion of Christ.

The first explorer on the Mexican coast was Francisco Cordova, who landed on the coast of Yucatan in 1517. He wished to explore the country, but the natives resisted his progress, and in a battle with them was so badly wounded that he died soon after he got back to Cuba. The governor of Cuba at that time was Velasquez, who, in the following year, sent his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, to complete Cordova's discoveries. Grijalva sailed in the spring of 1518, and going north of the point where Cordova landed, came to the shores of what is now known as Mexico. The natives he found there

received him in a most friendly manner, and brought to him many presents of carved gold and beautiful jewels. When Grijalva had returned to Cuba and displayed these beautiful things, men there thought that the El Dorado had been found and were eager to go to the country of gold.

There was in Cuba at this time a Spanish gentleman named Hernando Cortez. He was the son of a wealthy family and had been a law student, but he left his studies when only nineteen years old and went out to Hispaniola, eager to take part in the new adventures and to find great wealth.

Even as a youth he showed the qualities which marked him so plainly in later years—wonderful courage, remarkable talent in governing men, and great cruelty. He was avaricious too, but not so greedy in his avarice as many others were, since he really cared more for power than he did for wealth. When he reached Hispaniola the Spanish settlers there were having trouble because of a rebellion of the natives, and he showed so much courage in aiding to quell the revolt, that he was regarded as a very useful



HERNANDO CORTEZ.

member of the colony. He meant to leave the island with Ojeda's expedition, you remember, but was prevented by sickness. When Velasquez went to conquer Cuba, Cortez was one of his lieutenants, and when the natives were subdued, he was made mayor of a new city that the Spanish founded. And now when Velasquez was about to send an expedition to explore the country that Grijalva had visited,

he could think of no one so fit to command it as Cortez. This officer was very ready to take charge of the expedition, and eagerly helped in the fitting out of the ship. Indeed, he was so enthusiastic that the governor became afraid that this young explorer would want to take for himself all the glory and gold to be won in the land of the El Dorado. And so, when everything was ready, and the ships were weighing anchor to leave the harbor, Cortez received an order from Velasquez revoking his commission. But Cortez was not a man to give up his wishes easily. He wanted to go with this expedition and so he went, paying no attention to the governor's order. He commanded that the vessels should set sail, and soon they were on the broad ocean, and out of the reach of Velasquez.

I have spoken of the Aztec Indians that lived in Mexico. There were other native tribes that lived there also, but the Aztecs were the most powerful and by far the most civilized. The country of Anahuac, which they chiefly inhabited, had been divided into three kingdoms—Tezcuco, Tlascala and Mexico, or Mexitli. The Tezcucans lived eastward of the territory of the Mexicans and had been at war with them for many years, until, a short time before the coming of the Spaniards, their king had been conquered by Montezuma, the Mexican king, and had died in captivity. The Mexican ruler, Montezuma, had taken possession of the Tezcucan country, and had renewed war with the Tlascalans, hoping to overthrow them also.

Montezuma was very proud of his conquests and had taken a title meaning "king over all other kings." But when he heard of a company of strange men that had landed on his coast, white like the sun, who were mounted upon strange prancing animals, men who killed their enemies without spears or arrows, with strange weapons that struck no blow, but made a dreadful noise and smoke—he was very much frightened. In the traditions of the country there was an old prophecy which foretold the coming of a race of men from the east, the children of the sun, who would overthrow the Aztec empire. Montezuma, as soon as he heard of the coming of the white men, was sure that these were the destined conquerors, and the determination with which they pushed into the country, overthrowing all who opposed them, made him more and more sure of it.

This fact explains many actions of this ruler, which look like

cowardice, but only came from the belief—so strong among ignorant people—that it is of no use to struggle against fate.

Cortez first heard of Montezuma when he had landed his men at a place which he called Vera Cruz, and founded a settlement there. Soon after, some messengers from the ruler came to ask what they had come to his coasts for. Cortez said that his king had sent him to visit Montezuma. This, he was told, was impossible, but he insisted, and had all his troops drawn up, with his cavalry, and had all the cannon fired off, so as to make a great impression upon the king's messengers. He told them to tell Montezuma that another reason why he had come to the Mexican country, was because he and his companions had a complaint of the heart that could only be cured by gold. The king's messengers went back, and Cortez waited at Vera Cruz. In a few weeks the messengers came from Montezuma again. They said that the strangers could not see their king, but he had sent to them a large sum of gold, and many beautiful jewels, and bade them go in peace to their own country.

Alas! these rich presents which the poor Indians sent to the Spaniards, in the hope of freeing themselves from these dangerous visitors, only insured their own destruction. For that complaint of the heart which cries out for gold is like the thirst of the drunkard—the more that is given to satisfy it, the more unsatisfied it becomes. Cortez, on seeing the gold sent by the Mexican emperor, was determined to conquer that ruler, and that no one of his followers might turn back from the undertaking, whatever dangers they might meet, and safely set sail again for Spain, it is said that he burned all of his ships. Then he left a small part of his force at Vera Cruz, and, with the others and with his horses and cannon, he started for the Mexican capital. After a few days' march they reached the table-land of Tlascala. The Tlascala people were then at war with Mexico, as we have said. They were a rich and powerful race, and their capital city was a large and well built town, surrounded by a wall six miles in circumference, nine feet high and twenty broad. They met Cortez in a war-like manner, but in their second battle with him, though they brought against him a force many times greater than his own, he was able with the help of his cannon and his horses to gain a complete victory over them. Then he formed an alliance with them because

they were enemies of the Mexicans, and several thousand of their soldiers joined him on his march toward the great city of Mexico.

When they were yet several days distant from the place other envoys from Montezuma met them. These were sent to tell the strangers again that they could not see Montezuma, and to offer them more abundant gifts of gold than before, begging them to go away. The sight of gold, however, was like blood to the tiger, it only whetted their appetite for more, and indeed, the king's messengers might as well have reasoned with a tiger as with these heartless, greedy men. They pushed on day by day over the beautiful smooth roads that had been cut over the mountains by the Mexican kings. Here and there were stone buildings made for the convenience of travelers. Every once in a while they came to a narrow place which was filled with huge stones and great trees, placed there by order of Montezuma in the hope of stopping the onward march of the invaders. These only delayed the Spaniards a few hours, for with the help of their horses they dragged the obstacles from the road and hurled them down the side of the mountain. Then they pushed on again, and at last they came to a point where they could look down into the great valley in which was the city of Mexico. The sight of the beautiful city, with its glistening white buildings of stone, situated in the middle of a lake, and connected by causeways with the land, its temples and buildings reflected in the lake's clear water, was so wonderful and lovely that the soldiers stood still and asked one another if they were awake. The view seemed to them like a dream or like a story of enchantment.

HOW MEXICO WAS CONQUERED.

1520—1521.



T WAS on the 8th of November, 1519, that Cortez entered the city of Mexico. Montezuma, having found it was of no use to try to keep these strangers from his city, consented to receive them. So Cortez, mounted on his finest horse, and with all the trapping and adornments that he could muster, went out to meet the king. Montezuma was carried on a chair under a canopy of feathers, embroidered with precious stones. He wore a mantle decorated with gold and pearls. This king was a tall, thin, dark man, with a very dignified manner. Cortez, dismounting, advanced to meet him, and was received with much courtesy. The Spaniards were then led into a great hall where a rich feast was spread before them, and then presents of gold and fine robes were given to them by order of the king. All the great people of Mexico, the Spaniards noticed, wore cotton robes of delicate fibre and brilliant colors. The Spaniards then entertained the Mexicans with cavalry maneuvers, and fired off their guns and cannon, which frightened the people very much.

The next morning Montezuma received Cortez in the palace. The Spaniard wished to give the Mexican some teaching in the Christian religion, which he did by means of a young girl who had been given him by the Tlascalan king, and who had learned the Spanish tongue sufficiently to act as interpreter. Montezuma listened patiently to what Cortez had to say, though he plainly did not understand it very well. He was very polite, however; he said the Spaniard's God was good, no doubt, but so was the god of the Mexicans. He recognized, he said, that the Spaniards were the children of the sun which made the world, and was therefore ready to do them honor.

The Spaniards were feasted and given the freedom of the city for

a week. Cortez went everywhere, observing carefully what means of defence and what provision for warfare the people had. He was even allowed to visit the temples of the Aztec gods, and when he found that human sacrifices were offered to the idols he was much shocked, and was more determined than ever to conquer the Mexicans and force them to accept the true religion. There seems to be no doubt, that the religion of the Aztecs sanctioned or required human sacrifices. But we must remember that the stories of the cruel customs of the Mexicans all come to us from the Spaniards, whose object was to make these people seem as wicked as possible, to justify their own acts of oppression and cruelty.

The Mexicans wanted the Spaniards to go away. The king offered them a safe conduct to the coast, and loaded them down with presents, but these gifts, which were intended to make the white men feel satisfied and depart, only made them hungrier and greedier than ever, and more anxious to stay and rob the poor Mexicans of all that they possessed. Still, Cortez did not feel very safe. He could not restrain his followers from cruel plundering acts, and he feared that, any day, the people might rise against him and kill him and his soldiers. There were tens of thousands of the Mexicans and only about two hundred of the Spaniards. Another reason why his situation was becoming perilous was because word had come through the natives, that in a fight between the Spaniards at Vera Cruz, and the Indians, some of the former had been killed, and so they could no longer keep up the fiction that the white men were immortal. So Cortez resolved upon a very bold deed. He insisted that the Mexican king should treat him as an equal and visit his quarters, and then he had his soldiers drawn up around the building, and declared Montezuma a prisoner. He said he did this in retaliation for the attack on his countrymen at Vera Cruz, and as a surety for the punishment of the Indians who made the attack. Poor Montezuma was thoroughly cowed. It seemed very plain to him now that the prophecy concerning the pale-faced race that was to destroy the Mexican people, was coming true.

He sent for the Aztec chief who led the attack on the Spaniards, and handed him, when he came, to Cortez for punishment. Cortez ordered the man to be burned in the market place, and then, embold-

ened by the terror he had created in the people, he had Montezuma put in chains. The Mexican king was then made to swear allegiance to Spain, and to give his treasure to be sent to the Spanish king. Cortez allowed Montezuma to keep his title, and pretended that he was still ruler under the protection of Spain. The nobles were induced by Montezuma to swear allegiance to Spain; but they did it very unwillingly. Meanwhile the priests that Cortez had brought with him went about among the people, endeavoring to convert them, but the people were sullen and would not listen; besides, they really could not understand half that the priests said.

So matters went on for several weeks, and Cortez felt as though he were walking over a volcano all the time, but he was too shrewd and brave to show his anxiety. Finally, for a bold stroke, he ordered the priests to hold a mass in the temple of the chief Aztec god. This filled all the people with fury, and Montezuma told Cortez that he had better go, for the people expected the wrath of the Aztec gods to come upon them, and they would not spare the Spaniards. Cortez then made the excuse that he had no ships. Montezuma, therefore, sent a large number of workmen to Vera Cruz to aid the Spaniards there in building the needed vessels.



MONTEZUMA, KING OF MEXICO.
(Taken from an old copper-plate.)

But now came fresh word which made the position of Cortez more perilous than ever. Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, had never forgiven him for starting out on the expedition against orders. And now, as word came through Spanish ships that had touched at Vera Cruz, that Cortez had reached and entered the rich city of Mexico, Velasquez was more determined than ever to punish him. So he

sent a small army under Pamphilo de Narvaez to take the authority of Cortez from him and send him back to Cuba in chains. Cortez was not the man to submit to anything of this kind, so he sent a messenger to meet Narvaez, as soon as he heard of his landing, offering him a large share of the treasure if he would aid Cortez in the conquest of Mexico. To this Narvaez sent an insulting refusal, for he knew that he had more men than Cortez, and wanted all the treasure. So Cortez left a few men in Mexico, and then with the others set out to meet the advancing army of Narvaez. He surprised and overcame this army, won all the men over to his own side, and Narvaez was obliged to join him as his lieutenant. Then Cortez marched rapidly back to the Mexican capital.

He found things in a very unfortunate state there. The commander whom he had left there, Alvarado, was a man of great bravery, but most imprudent. The Mexicans had been holding a religious festival, and Alvarado had become so indignant, while watching the rites performed, that he forgot all considerations of safety and ordered his men to rush upon the people and put them to death. The whole city then rose in rage, drove the few Spaniards back to their quarters, and kept them prisoners there. Cortez rode into the city, hearing this, with the air of an angry conqueror, and ordered that the besieged Spaniard be supplied with food. For reply the people gathered in great numbers, and from the streets and roofs of houses, fired arrows and hurled stones at Cortez and his men. The Spaniards brought forward all their guns, and mowed the Mexicans down, but these would not give way. Cortez then rode to the palace where Montezuma was and commanded him, as a vassal of the Spanish king, to come forward and control his people. The poor king did come out on a balcony, and tried to speak to the angry mob, but they would not listen and hurled stones at him. One of these stones struck him and a few days later he died, as much from grief and shame as from his wound.

The struggle with the people went on; for the Aztecs would not consent to make any terms of peace with the Spaniards whatever. In spite of the terrible havoc wrought in their numbers by the guns of the invaders, they continued to fight and die, happy if, for every thousand Mexicans that were killed, one white man should fall.

Cortez soon saw that the utter destruction of his force was only a question of time. So he took counsel with his captains and they decided to retreat. But he knew they must go without the knowledge of the Mexicans, or these would not let them escape.

So they planned to go by night. I told you that the city of Mexico was on an island in the middle of a lake, and that it was connected with the mainland by a wide causeway or bridge. This bridge is described as having been in three divisions. The Spaniards had passed over the first division safely, in silence and under cover of the darkness. Then a Mexican sentinel perceived what they were doing, and aroused the city with wild outcries. The people then rushed forth, literally by thousands, all eager to destroy the white men before they could get away. They swarmed upon the causeway; they cut away the outer bridges, and very many of the Spaniards were killed by the spears of the Mexicans and more were drowned in attempting to swim the lake. In the Spanish histories the story of this retreat is given the name of "the sorrowful night."

It is said that more might have escaped alive, had they followed the advice of Cortez, to leave the gold and silver treasure that they had taken from the Mexicans, behind them. The officers generally followed this advice, and thus most of them got away safely. But the men, loaded down with their treasures, could not swim and these were drowned. Cortez then made his way to Tlascala whose king was friendly to him, and waited there until reinforcements from Spain and Cuba could reach him and until he could raise a large native army. Then, a year after his terrible retreat, he marched against the city again. Every step that he made on Mexican territory was bravely contended, and when he was at last before the walls of the city, it was three months before he could force his way in. I cannot bear to tell you of the horrors of that siege, in which thousands of the people were killed and even a greater number perished of famine. It is terrible to think what dreadful cruelties men are capable of toward their fellow men.

Cortez now took possession of Mexico as its conqueror. He seized the king, Guatemozin, who had succeeded Montezuma, and after that the people generally submitted, though very unwillingly. Three years later, Guatemozin was put to death on the charge of conspiracy, and thus ended the history of the Mexican kings.

The city of Mexico was almost in ruins when Cortez took it, and he began to rebuild it at once. It was not an Indian city any more, but a Spanish city. The country was called New Spain, and many Spaniards came every year to settle there. Cortez also sent to Spain for a bishop and priests to convert the natives, and churches were built in all the Spanish towns. Very few of the Indians, however, paid much attention to these at first, for the cruelty of the Spaniards who made slaves of them, and made them work in the gold mines, was as much as they could bear. However, though many died, the Aztec race did not utterly melt away, as the tribes of the West India Islands had done. The chiefs and rich men among them who made friends with the Spaniards, and paid tribute, were allowed to hold their lands, and thus a mixed race grew up in the country, which lives there today, and in the mountain districts there are still many descendants of the earlier tribes.

Cortez did not find a very easy time of it after his conquest, for there was much jealousy of him. Narvaez and others took evil reports of him back to Spain, and after some time he was obliged to go back himself to plead his own case before the ruler of Spain—Emperor Charles V. He was able to prove that all the charges of his enemies were false, and he was made captain general of the army in Mexico, though another man was made governor. After he went back he headed a party of exploration through the country north of that which he had conquered, and discovered the gulf and peninsula of California. After this, his enemies said so many evil things about him that he again went to Spain to see the emperor, but Charles would not pay attention to him now. So he settled on an estate near Seville, and lived there in quite an obscure way until his death in 1547. Though he was so hard and cruel as a conqueror, Cortez was not so base in character as many of the other Spaniards that came to take possession of the New World.

THE SEARCH FOR THE LAND OF GOLD.

1524—1530.



YOU remember that one of the companions of that adventurous hero Ojeda, was named Francisco Pizarro. This man, though of low birth and not only ignorant, but so indifferent to knowledge that during his whole life he never tried to learn to read or write, yet had a prominent part in the conquest of the New World. His parents were very poor, and so wicked that it is said his mother deserted him while he was an infant and he was nursed by a sow. When he became a youth he followed the occupation of a swineherd, feeding and tending large herds of pigs, an occupation much despised among the Spaniards. But this rough, ignorant boy was as eager for gold as any fine gentleman of them all, and when he heard of the great country of the west, abounding in gold and treasures, he ran away from his swine-keeping master and shipped in a vessel going to Hispaniola.

Pizarro had been with Balboa when Comagre told him of the land of gold to the south. He had part in the difficult expedition in search of the great western sea, and was among the little group of Spaniards that first looked upon its broad waters. When poor Balboa was put to death by the selfish governor Pedrarias, Pizarro determined to go in search of the land of gold in the south alone, if no one would go with him. At that time he had a friend, a man as illiterate as himself, but far more generous and kind, Diego de Almagro; and inducing a schoolmaster named Fernando de Luque to join with them, these three men induced Pedrarias to let them fit out an expedition. It took them a long time, and it was not until 1524 that they were able to start out with eighty men, and some horses, in one ship with two canoes. Pizarro went first and followed the coast southward, but he had only scanty supplies, and was not

able to get more at the points of the coast where he stopped, so the men suffered much for want of food, and named one of the spots where they stopped "the port of hunger." Indeed, they were so discouraged, because of being starved and finding nothing, after being out about four months, that they turned back, but they met Almagro and de Luque coming with a well supplied vessel, and more stories which they had gathered from some natives, of the great gold country of the south. So when the sailors had all been well fed, they agreed to go on with the expedition, and Pizarro, Almagro and de Luque made a solemn compact that they would not turn back, whatever difficulties they might meet, and that they would share equally all the treasures they gained. There were now one hundred and sixty men in the expedition. As they went down the coast they saw increasing signs that they were drawing near to a wealthy country. They saw villages here and there, and some large towns with streets, and the natives that came to the shore wore clothing, and golden ornaments. They did not, however, meet on the ocean any of the "ships with sails and oars," which the young Darien chief had told him were to be seen on the western sea. There is, indeed, no evidence that any of the partly-civilized nations of the New World had any more than the most imperfect knowledge of navigation.

At one point, about fifty men landed with horses and began an advance toward the interior. Instantly the natives came against them by thousands, but their destruction was said to have been prevented in a curious way. One of the Spaniards fell from his horse, and the natives, astonished at seeing what they supposed to be one being thus suddenly become two, stood still in dismay, and the Spaniards were enabled to escape. It is true that the natives of the New World had never seen horses, and that these animals excited wonder and fear, but this story does not seem probable.

No other advance into the interior was now attempted, for the Spaniards really were alarmed at seeing the great numbers of the natives in this country, but all soon after landed on an island, and it was decided that Almagro should take the ships and go back to Darien for reinforcements. Now the soldiers were not at all pleased with this plan, and many of them wrote letters to their friends

urging that no one should help Almagro, as the plan which he and Pizarro wished to carry out could only result in the death of all those taking part, without securing any good. But Almagro on the way back read all the letters, and destroyed those which found any fault with the expedition. In a ball of cotton, however, which one

sailor made a pretext for sending to a friend, there was concealed a few lines, saying that the drover had only returned for sheep for the butcher. These were taken to the governor, Pedrarias, who thereupon detained Almagro and sent several of his officers with two ships to bring back Pizarro and all his men. When these had reached



FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

the island where Pizarro was, and stated their object, Pizarro turned to his assembled men. Drawing a line on the sand from east to west he said, pointing to the north :

"Spaniards:—On that side you have hunger, nakedness and death, on this side" [he pointed southward] "we have ease and pleasure. It is Peru and riches, or Panama and poverty. Choose what becomes a Castilian. I go to the south."

In spite of this appeal only eleven men decided to stay with Pizarro, and the others sailed away. For several months this little band, whose courage was worthy of a better object, stayed on the lonely island, watching for a vessel. At last Almagro and de Luque arrived with a ship and supplies, but with no recruits. Then the small company went down the coast and entered a bay which they called Guayaquil, on whose shores there was a large town. The inhabitants of this town came to the ship on rafts and brought abundance of most delicious fruits. The second day one of the great nobles of this people, whom they called Incas, came to the ship. Pizarro met this man with a pretence of great deference, and through his interpreter told him much the same story that Cortez told Montezuma, that he, Pizarro, was a servant of the most powerful king of the world, that the king had heard that the natives of this country worshipped evil spirits, and had sent to tell them of a true God. The Inca listened politely but did not seem to be convinced, and replied by inviting the Spaniards to visit his city, which was named Tumbez. Some of the Spaniards went the next day, and the day after others were sent. All brought back report of the indications of wealth in the city, of the number of gold ornaments the people wore and told how they saw a temple covered with gold and silver molded work. The Spaniards went nearly mad with joy at the idea that they had at last found the country of gold, and Pizarro gave thanks to God.

Then they obtained as many gold and silver ornaments from the people as they could in exchange for iron tools, hatchets, hammers and knives, and also for poultry and swine. For neither fowls nor pigs were known to the people of the New World any more than horses, and they knew nothing of iron or how it could be worked or used.

Pizarro and his little band then went back to Darien. Having ascertained with certainty the existence of the country of gold, he thought he would have no difficulty in securing an expedition to conquer it, but the governor of Darien would not help him and he was, therefore, obliged to go back to Spain for assistance.

He made his way to the Spanish court and told the king of the golden kingdom which he had found in the mountains. Nothing

was too wonderful to be true in those days. The king was very much interested in his account of his explorations and the sufferings that he and his companions had endured. But though he was very ready to empower Pizarro to raise money and men to conquer the new country, he did not give him any money but made him promise to give a large part of all the treasure that he secured to the Spanish crown. In return for this, he gave Pizarro the government of Peru, and the schoolmaster de Luque was made bishop of the kingdom, and Almagro a judge. Then Pizarro went to the province he was born in and induced his three brothers to sell their lands and go with him, and they helped him to recruit others. But not every man was ready to face all the dangers of the New World, which were better understood now than at first, and when the six months allowed to Pizarro for recruiting his force were ended, he had only three ships, thirty seven horses and one hundred and eighty-three men. Since the Spaniards found how the natives of the New World were terrified at sight of horses they always took these animals with them. So with this small force Pizarro set out to conquer an empire Dec. 28, 1530.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU, THE LAND OF GOLD.

1530—1533.



IS very strange how things come about in this world, and how the schemes of wicked men are often aided by circumstances in which they have no part. It is our opinion, you know, that only good men should be helped in this way, but the history of the world does not agree with our opinion. Cortez was helped in his selfish attempt to seize the empire of Mexico by an old and musty prophecy, and by the war between Mexico and the Tlascalans, which made the latter people willing to ally themselves with him. In a similar way the still more wicked invasion of Peru, accomplished by Francisco Pizarro, was greatly helped by a civil war which was going on at the time that he landed on the coast. You remember that when I told you about the Indians I spoke of a race of considerable civilization in South America, who were ruled by the Incas. There were many peculiar things about this people. Though they understood building and other manufactures, they had no written language, and kept all their accounts and recorded their history by means of knotted cords.

These people worshipped the sun as the Mexicans did, but not with cruel human sacrifices. Their rulers, the Incas, they believed to be the children of the sun. The Inca was a sacred person and ruled his people with the utmost fatherly care and kindness. Every thing in the country belonged to the Inca, as a child of the sun. There was no money, no private estates. The lands were portioned out to the people every year, and so were the animals and the produce of the land. The country was like one large family, and evil jealousies, fraud and theft, were unknown among them in private life.

There were quarrels among the Peruvians, however, and the last

Inca that reigned before the Spaniards came had conquered the province of Quito, and had made a wonderful road along the mountains from there to Cuzco. He had married a daughter of the former ruler of Quito, and had a son whom he named Atahualpa. There was another prince, however, named Huascar, whose mother had been one of the Inca race, and for that reason, as well as because he was older, he had a better right to inherit his father's kingdom than Atahualpa. But the younger son was a great favorite with the people, and when his father was dead, and Huascar had been made Inca, Atahualpa rebelled and made war upon his brother and defeated him and put him to death.

It was when Peru was disturbed by the quarrel between the royal brothers, that the conqueror, Pizarro, landed a third time on the Peruvian coast. After considerable difficulty, for it was a season of storms, he made his way into the bay of Guayaquil, and landing his men on the island of Puna, remained there for a year, when Fernando de Soto joined him with reinforcements.

Pizarro had heard of the quarrel between the two royal brothers, and he thought he could use this condition of affairs to his advantage by offering to aid one of them against the other. He therefore started on his inland march Sept. 24, 1532. He sent messengers to Atahualpa, who was encamped near Caxamarca, being on his way back to his own capital after having conquered his brother. These



THE INCA HUASCAR.

messengers returned with an envoy from the Inca to Pizarro, bringing friendly messages, beautiful presents of gold and jewels, and provisions for the Spaniards. Pizarro marched up the mountain side.

It seems very strange that the Inca did not attempt to stop him, for in the mountain passes it would have been very easy to drive him back and hurl his whole army down the precipices. In many places, says the historian, this road was so precipitous that it was like the steps of a staircase. But Atahualpa apparently rested secure in the greater numbers of his army, which then numbered fifty thousand men, while the little force which Pizarro was pushing up the mountain was less than two hundred. But the fearless Pizarro seemed to count size as of but little value, for when he left Tumbez for the mountains, he called his men together, and told them that if any were afraid to go with him they might stay behind, for, he said, "I would be ashamed to die with any man, who is afraid to die with me."

Without meeting any opposition, therefore, the Spaniards reached the town of Caxamarca, which they found quite deserted. It was a city built for about two thousand inhabitants, but the people had all gone away, either through fear, or because the Inca had ordered them to give up the place for the convenience of the newcomers. The town was well built, was fortified, and in the center was a large square where Pizarro encamped his small army. Then he sent Fernando de Soto, and his own brother Fernando, with about forty horsemen, to Atahualpa's camp.

These messengers were received by Atahualpa, sitting at the entrance to his tent. He was surrounded by a number of his chiefs, and his women, all of whom stood in his presence. He had upon his head the curious head-dress which the Incas wore instead of a crown, which is described as "a tassel of fine wool, like silk, of a deep crimson color, two hands in breadth, set on the head with descending fringes which brought it down to the eyes." He had to raise these fringes when he wished to see. This head-dress, the Spanish soldiers thought, made him look very solemn. At first he did not deign to lift his eyes to the visitors. They gave the message of Pizarro, which was that he was waiting the visit of Atahualpa at

Caxamarca. The Inca then lifted his eyes and said that many complaints had been brought him, from the natives that the Spaniards had misused or put in chains, but he would go to see the Spanish commander, and would speak to him as a friend. He had understood, he said, that the Spaniards were not great warriors at all. Fernando Pizarro replied to this remark with much haughtiness, saying that with one horse the Spaniards could subdue the entire country. The Inca replied that he would like to have them go and subdue a very stubborn tribe of Indians a few miles off. However, he said, he would visit the Spanish commander the next day in the morning.

The next day, at about noonday, the Spaniards received word that Atahualpa was on the way from his camp. He was coming without arms, he said, but with some soldiers who were to form his suite, as he wished to take up his quarters in the town. Pizarro made his soldiers all ready for attack. Prepare, he said, for any warning of treachery on the part of the Indians. The afternoon wore away, and evening was coming on and still the Indian king did not appear. This strengthened Pizarro's suspicions. He sent word to the Inca to tell him that he was about to sit down to supper, and did not wish to do so until his guest should arrive. By this time the Indians had reached the outskirts of the city, and at last Atahualpa came in, carried on a litter plated with silver and gold, and adorned with paroquet's feathers. With him came about five thousand men, apparently unarmed, but carrying small clubs, slings and bags of stones, under their cotton doublets.

Pizarro was acquainted with Cortez and that conqueror had no doubt told him all about his capture of Montezuma. We may be sure that he intended in like manner to capture the Peruvian ruler by some sudden and unexpected movement, and that it was not at all necessary, though it no doubt seemed expedient, to pretend a fear of treachery.

The Inca halted his army when he entered the great square, and Pizarro came forward and in the usual Spanish fashion called a priest who was with him there to expound the Christian religion to the Indians. This was done through an interpreter, and at its close the Inca uttered a sigh, and said in Peruvian tongue "Alas!" He

had probably not understood much of the priest's theology, but he could not fail to comprehend the close of the argument, which was that unless Atahualpa would pay tribute, give up his kingdom to the Spanish monarch, obey the pope, believe in Jesus Christ and renounce idolatry, his kingdom would be laid waste with fire and sword.

Then Atahualpa spoke; he contrasted with bitter emphasis these threats with the message of peace and brotherhood that had been previously sent. The Spaniards, he said, were either tyrants or messengers from God; in the latter case he and his people must obey them, but they must show themselves to be beneficent. Then the Inca asked to see the book which the priest had held in his hand—a breviary. He glanced at it, threw it down, and made some bitter remarks concerning the cruelties which the Spaniards had committed on their way. He then stood up in his litter and spoke to his people in the Peruvian tongue.

The Spaniards chose to understand this as a signal for attack, and Piz-



THE INCA ATAHUALPA.

arro with his followers, giving the terrible Spanish war-cry, sprang forward. The soldiers that he had concealed around the square were ready, and rushed out with drawn swords. It is not at all probable that the Indians had expected a fight, for except those that were immediately around the Inca, who tried to defend him, none of them made any resistance, and hundreds were slaughtered.

while not one of the Spaniards received even a wound. Those who carried the litter were all killed and the Inca was thrown to the ground. A Spanish soldier rushed at him with drawn sword, but Pizarro pushed him back, and received a sharp flesh wound in so doing,—preferring to take the unhappy ruler alive.

Atahualpa was at first kept as Montezuma had been, a captive but a nominal king. He was allowed to see his courtiers and to send out orders—as long as these suited Pizarro. The Spanish soldiers had dispersed the Inca's army, and had plundered their camp, and bands were sent to plunder, seize and rifle the great cities of Peru. There was no resistance anywhere, for when the people knew that their king had been captured they gave up everything. A nation of eleven million inhabitants had been overcome by only one hundred and sixty men, by simply capturing their ruler.

Pizarro pretended to be very friendly with the captive king. He preached to him every day, being determined to make a Christian of him—it would not be hard to make him as good a Christian as Pizarro was!—also taught him to play chess and games with dice, and amused himself with showing him many things he had brought from Spain. Among all the things which were shown to him, there was nothing that pleased Atahualpa so much as some glass vessels and ornaments, and he said to Pizarro “that he wondered much that since the Spaniards had at home plenty of such beautiful material as glass, they should fatigue themselves in journeying over foreign lands and seas, in search of metals so common as gold and silver.”

Still the Inca longed to be free from his captivity, and offered to give to Pizarro in exchange for his liberty as much gold as would fill a room twenty feet square to a height of nine feet from the floor. To this Pizarro agreed, and the Inca sent word to all the cities of the kingdom that gold should be sent for his ransom. Soon it began to come in, heaped up in carts. There were vessels of all kinds, cups, bowls, idols large and small, ornaments, earrings,—all of pure gold. The room was nearly filled, as promised, when Pizarro was seized with the idea that since there was so much gold in the country, he might as well have all as only part of it. So he pretended to be much excited by reports that the Inca was secretly calling upon his people to raise an army to deliver the country from the white men.

We cannot understand today why such an army was not raised, and why these millions of people did not rise, and destroy those few hundred plunderers that had come upon them. But they did not, apparently because they had no leader. Pizarro then put chains on Atahualpa, a cruel indignity for a captured king to bear. Then some soldiers brought in a story that a great force was marching against the place where Pizarro was. This leader had sent away his brother Fernando, and also De Soto, the two men whom he knew would not sanction the act of gross injustice that he had planned. So he tried Atahualpa, under the Spanish law, for treason and heresy, and sentenced him to be burned to death unless he would become a Christian. Only fifty out of four hundred Spaniards voted against the execution of this cruel sentence. When the poor Inca saw the stake and the faggots, he agreed to become a Christian. He was then baptized by the name of John, and when this was over, these silly and wicked Spaniards put him cruelly to death, notwithstanding their promise to let him live if he became a Christian.

THE EXPLOITS OF ALVARADO.

1523—1541.



THE defeat of the southern races of the New World does not seem to us who now read of it, like the story of the defeat of men by giants, or destroying demons of superior power. The very presence of these invaders inspired terror, and the accounts of their conquests paralyzed the inhabitants of adjoining countries, so that no power of resistance seemed to be left them.

When Cortez had conquered Mexico, we may suppose that the news of the city's fall was not slow in reaching the people of the other provinces of Central America. Along the rivers, through the mountain passes, the terrible tale travelled. The people of these provinces must have received the news with mixed feelings, for as Mexico was cruel and tyrannical, and endeavored to subdue all neighboring nations to her rule, offering the captives taken in war as sacrifices to her gods, after the barbarous plan of the Aztecs, they might have felt some relief that so cruel a foe had been overthrown. But they could not escape the fear lest the terrible invaders might come upon them also.

In one of Esop's fables we read of a horse which begged a man to deliver him from his enemy, the stag. The man did come and subdue the stag, but forced the horse in return to serve as his slave forever. This was the mistaken policy followed by some of the Indian tribes of the New World. After the city of Mexico had fallen, and the kings of the neighboring states sent ambassadors to pay tribute to the conquerors, there came, among others, an envoy from a state on the coast called Tehuantepec, who brought presents of gold and silver, and the request that the great conqueror would send an army to subdue another state, Tepultepec, with which it was

at war. Cortez sent Alvarado, one of his most trusted captains, for this task. Alvarado accomplished it, after Cortez' own plan. The Tepultepec ruler having received him kindly, and offered him presents, he threw the too confiding chief into prison and took possession of the kingdom. He then exacted tribute from the Tehuantepec ruler, also, and made him and his people slaves.

Alvarado, who was the principal conqueror of Central America, was in many respects a remarkable man. He was of magnificent physical proportions, very strong and active. During the terrible night retreat of the Spaniards from Mexico, when the Mexicans had cut away the bridges of the causeway over the lake, and the only way of escape for the Spaniards was by swimming through the waters in the darkness, it is said that Alvarado, thrusting the point of his lance into the bed of the stream, by its aid swung himself clear across the wide channel. To this day a place is shown which is called "el Salto de Alvarado," or, the leap of Alvarado.

This captain was of very agreeable manners, so that every body liked him, and he was so handsome, with such a bright smile, that the Indians gave him a name meaning "the sun." And yet he was as utterly selfish and avaricious as any of the other Spaniards, and not even Pizarro could surpass him in heartless cruelty.

South of Tehuantepec was a kingdom called Guatemala. When Alvarado learned that this country was filled with rich cities, he was eager to go and plunder it, as Mexico had been plundered; and to prepare the way for his robber army, he sent messengers to offer the "friendship and religion" of the Spaniards to the people. These told the Guatemalan chief that they came from Cortez, the invincible captain of the emperor of the world, who, though himself but a mortal man, had come to show the Indians the way to immortality. The messengers drew pictures of the ships of the Spaniards and their horses, and the Guatemalan chief was greatly astounded, and said that they would like to be the friends of such men, and would give them many presents if they would come—the old story of the horse and the stag over again!—and conquer some troublesome neighbors that he had. Then he sent the Spaniards away, and gave them such an abundance of gold, jewels and provisions that he had to send a thousand Indians along to carry them. You may imagine that

Alvarado's ambition was all on fire for conquest at sight of these gifts.

The kingdom of Guatemala was then governed by a race known as the Toltecs. They had some traditions about their history, but, like the other tribes, they had no alphabet, and no written records. The Toltecs, they said, originally lived in Mexico at Tula, twelve leagues from the capital city. For five hundred years they had

been oppressed by the Mexican kings, who took their sons and daughters for slaves. Then they had a great festival, during which a supernatural being appeared to them, and told them to quit the city of Mexico.

The story is very like that of the journey of the Israelites from Egypt. After having been warned several times to depart by the ghostly being, their flight was resolved upon, and the king with his three brothers led them through the wilderness of the south. Their pilgrimage occupied many years, during which they suffered great hardships, and the king died and his son succeeded him, and finally led the people into the fertile and pleasant country around Lake Statlan, where they settled. The Toltecs had considerable civilization, living in comfortable houses and being well clothed in cotton garments of their own manufacture. They were acquainted with the manner of working in wood and metals, and had a good government and many wise laws. The Spaniards, however, tell



RUINED TEMPLE OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

us that in spite of their civilization, they offered human sacrifices, and even ate human flesh.

Dec. 6, 1523, Alvarado left Mexico with two hundred and eighty soldiers on horse and on foot, and four cannon and much ammunition and powder, "to ascertain the truth concerning the difficulties between the Guatemalans and a neighboring tribe, the Soconuscans." This is the way that Cortez explained the embassy to the Spanish emperor. An old historian compares the advance of Alvarado through the country to a flash of lightning. With the utmost rapidity he moved from point to point, overcoming the natives at each place and forcing them to acknowledge subservience to the king of Spain. He burned all the principal cities and made all the people that he succeeded in taking slaves. He did not find it necessary to fight the Guatemalans, for they submitted to him readily. In July, 1524, he halted his army and founded the city of Santiago in Guatemala. He chose for its site a beautiful wide grassy plain between two mountains. Both of these mountains being volcanoes, this site proved a calamitous one for the Spaniards, as you will learn.

The turn of the Guatemalans came very soon, you may be sure. Pedro de Alvarado being absent, his brother Gonzalo, who had been left in charge of the government, improved the occasion by passing a decree that eight hundred of the children of one of the wealthy cities of Guatemala—Patinaunt—should bring him each day a reedful of grains of gold. Naturally the children amused themselves, and did not pay any attention to the tyrant's orders, wherefore Gonzalo Alvarado threatened to imprison both parents and children. Then the inhabitants, not only of the city, but of the country and neighboring towns, rose *en masse*, and the other Alvarado had to hurry back to save the Spaniards from utter destruction. The revolt was not quelled until after nearly two years of warfare, in which, as usual, thousands of the natives were put to death.

Alvarado having now entirely subdued Guatemala, he wished to hold the commission direct from the emperor and not from Cortez who, he thought, did not fully represent his (Alvarado's) great services to the Spanish court. So he went to Spain, to tell his own story. He did it effectively, and not only obtained from the emperor all the titles and authority that he wanted, but advanced his own

prospects greatly by marrying a beautiful lady, Beatrice de Cueva, who belonged to one of the proudest of the old noble families of Spain, and who willingly came to share his perilous life in the New World.

Not long after Alvarado's return to his province, the great news of the golden successes of Pizarro reached his greedy ears. So he fitted out a fleet of ships as rapidly as he could, to join the Peruvian conqueror and share his plunder. His officers at Guatemala protested against the expedition, as taking away such a force would endanger the garrisons and colony left behind. But he went on the expedition, taking five hundred soldiers. Pizarro met him and induced him to go back, leaving his army, for \$125,000. Pizarro wanted the soldiers, but he did not want another captain who would insist on sharing the Peruvian plunder. He had trouble enough on that score with his brothers and Almagro.

The Spanish emperor was very indignant when he heard of Alvarado's expedition to Peru, and sent word to the governor of Panama, ordering that the captain should be arrested immediately upon his return to his province. But Alvarado's movements were too rapid for the order to have any effect. He had already returned to Guatemala, and gone to Honduras, where the Spanish governor was having a good deal of trouble, not with the Indians but with his own colonists. He silenced all these difficulties rapidly, in his rough way, and then shipped from the port of Truxillo for Spain. As he expected, he easily talked himself into favor with Charles V again, and returned to the New World with even added honors and titles.

In regard to fulfilling the duties of administration, Alvarado was the worst governor ever inflicted upon the wretched inhabitants of the New World. He did not govern, says one historian, he simply came at intervals and devastated his province. His one idea was to fit out expeditions for fresh conquests and new opportunities for plunder.

Soon after his return from his second visit to the Spanish court, there came to the ears of Alvarado an account of the seven cities of Cibola, a land far to the northward. These cities, it was said, abounded in gold and precious stones. Cortez had sent out one expedition in search of these cities but it was unsuccessful. Alvarado

then took up the plan, and made arrangements with the viceroy of Mexico, to conduct the expedition himself. But his plan was thwarted by the sudden death of this restless adventurer.

On his way back from Mexico, after making arrangements for the northward expedition, Alvarado found some of the Indian towns in revolt, and stopped to aid the Spaniards in quelling them. The Indians had entrenched themselves in a fortress high on the side of a mountain. The ascent to this was so very precipitous, that as the Spaniards clambered up, horsemen and foot soldiers together, more than once a horse, being unable to keep its footing, fell backward down the height. As one of these poor animals fell, it struck a large mass of rock which dislodged and, bounding down, struck Alvarado in his ascent, and carried him along with it, breaking his bones, it is said, as if they had been in a mill. His men lifted him up and carried him on a litter to the city of Guadalupe, sixty-three miles distant. The poor man lingered several days in terrible agony, both of body and mind, for we are told that, when too late, he repented himself sorely of all his cruelties and wicked deeds. One day when he was uttering more sighs and groans than usual, a friend who was standing by his bed, asked him what part gave him most pain, to which he answered "el alma" [the soul.] He wept over his many deeds of cruelty and injustice, praying God to pardon him for them, for, says the historian, he could not ask forgiveness of the injured persons, since he had killed most of these. Shortly afterward, having received the sacrament, he died. This was in July, 1541.

That Alvarado's remorse was sincere, seems shown by the fact that he told the bishop who was with him, of his deeds of injustice, and bade him draw up a will providing for reparation to the wronged persons. He dictated this will to the bishop, and from beginning to end it was a confession of wrong-doing.

The end of the story of Alvarado's beautiful wife is no less sad than that of the great captain himself. We may suppose that he gave her but a scant allowance of his company, so fond was he of raising expeditions and waging wars, but she was devotedly attached to him, and when the news of his death reached her in Santiago, she gave herself up to the most frantic grief. She had all the house,

inside and outside, halls, courts and kitchens, mess rooms and stables, smeared with black paint. She herself went into an inside room where there was not a ray of light, and would not eat or drink or do anything but sob and cry and groan. A monk insisted upon going to see her and trying to comfort her. He told her that there were two kinds of evils with which God chastised men—great evils and small evils. It was a great evil when he deprived them of grace in this life or of heaven in the life to come. It was a small evil when he took from them temporal things, as estates, children, wives or husbands. Upon this, the woman sprang up and told the monk to depart, that God could not afflict her with any greater evil after having taken her husband from her.

It is said, however, that even in her sorrow the fair Beatrice did not neglect her worldly interests. The historian said of her that "her ambition exceeded her grief, and her love of rule was deeper than the skirts of her widow's weeds, or the folds of her widow's veil." She wanted very much to have the appointment of governor of Guatemala, and after her husband's funeral rites were concluded, she called the bishops and various officers of the government to her house, and urged them to elect her. At last, after much talk, she was chosen as *governadora*, the first instance of a woman who secured that appointment in the New World. She lived to hold the office, however, but two days. I told you that the town of Santiago was placed in a valley between two volcanos. One of these, the Volcano Agua, had a violent eruption, Sept. 11, 1541, on the second day of Beatrice's administration, throwing forth great quantities of mud and water by which the entire town of Santiago was destroyed, and over six hundred persons, including the hapless Beatrice, perished.

THE FATE OF THE PIZARROS.

1533—1541.



YOU know how I told you that the rule of the Incas in Peru was like that of the father of a family, controlling and directing all their affairs, dividing their property among them and telling them how to live. The effect of this was to make the people all like children, who could do nothing by themselves. They were numerous enough to have utterly overwhelmed the small band of Spaniards under Pizarro; they were not a cowardly people; they had the advantage of living in the mountains to whose difficult passes they could retreat; they had wealth enough to support a large army for years, and yet, when their ruler was dead, they made almost no effective resistance to their oppressors.

After killing Atahualpa, Pizarro made a pretense of putting a brother of the Inca on the throne. Then, as a story was brought to him that a Peruvian army was gathering at Cuzco, the capital city, he left the new Inca under strong guard and marched against it. He first sent the brave De Soto forward to guard the passes in the hill, and keep the Indians from destroying the bridges over the rivers. Then the army followed, and with its guns and horses, it utterly routed the Peruvian army, and took possession of Cuzco. When the poor Inca, who seemed to be able to do nothing but brood over the sorrows of his country, heard of this new calamity, he died. The governor of Cuzco had defended himself bravely, and Pizarro seems to have been afraid to keep him alive, even in confinement, fearing that he might escape and head an army again, so it was pretended that he had caused the death of the Inca, and he was burned at the stake.

The Spanish army fairly gorged itself with plunder in the rich city of Cuzco. On the division of the treasure, after setting apart a

large share for the king of Spain, and giving to the officers double portions, the share of each common soldier was \$60,000. You have learned how the desire to get gold seemed to turn the Spaniards into fiends, now when this desire was actually glutted, they seemed to become idiots. There arose among them a perfect passion for gambling and they would waste their treasures as fast as they had gained them. For instance, there was in the temple at Cuzco, a large disk of solid gold representing the sun, which, in the division, fell to the lot of one of the soldiers, and that same night he lost it at the gaming table. This incident is said to have been the origin of a common Spanish proverb used to describe a reckless man. They say of him—"He gambles away the sun before it rises."

On January 6, 1535, Pizarro laid the foundations of a new city on the coast, which he named the City of the Kings, because it was founded on the feast-day of the three kings or Magi, but it was called Lima in later years. And soon after this, the conqueror got into trouble both with the Spaniards and the Peruvians.

You remember Pizarro's friend Almagro, with whom he solemnly promised to share his gains equally, do you not? But when it came to a division of wealth and power, Pizarro always wanted the lion's share. Perhaps the two would have got on better, if it had not been for the brothers of Pizarro, who in every case of difficulty took part against Almagro. And this man thought that four against one was hardly fair. After the conquest, Pizarro had been given the rank of marquis and was made governor of Peru; Almagro was made a marshal and governor of all the land south of Peru. Pizarro had given the government of Cuzco to two of his brothers, but Almagro chose to claim that city as being in his territory. A compromise of the difficulty was patched up, and Almagro set out to conquer the country of Chili to the south.

After the death of the Inca who succeeded Atahualpa, another brother, Manco, was given the title by Pizarro, but was kept always under guard. However, he escaped after some time and put himself at the head of a great Peruvian army, every man of which had sworn not to lay down his arms while a white man lived in Peru. They marched against Cuzco, and there was terrible fighting for many weeks, the Spanish force being led by the three brothers of Pizarro.

At last the Spaniards were victorious, but one of the brothers, Juan Pizarro, had been killed. Manco Inca then went into the mountains and for a long time harassed the Spaniards greatly by sudden assaults. At last a Spaniard visited his camp, pretending to be very friendly with him, and taught him to play at bowls, a favorite Spanish game. When they were playing one day, a dispute about the game arose and the Spaniard threw a bowl at the Inca's head, injuring him so that he soon after died. Thus perished the last of the Incas.

About this time Almagro came back from Chili. He had had a miserable time marching over the snowy mountains, and had found no empire and no gold. So he had convinced himself that Cuzco ought to belong to him—and he marched up to its walls and ordered the two Pizarros there, Gonzalo and Fernando, to give it up. They sent a messenger down to Lima, where the Marquis Francisco Pizarro was, for orders. Almagro did not wait for any orders, but, the next night, crept into the town with all his men. They forced the Pizarros to take refuge in the palace of the Inca, and then, setting this on fire, forced them to surrender. Almagro then



PERILS OF CROSSING THE ANDES.

started toward the sea coast to establish a port for himself, taking Fernando Pizarro with him and leaving Gonzalo in chains. The latter escaped, however, and joined the marquis. Then there was an interview between the elder Pizarro and Almagro, and an attempt to compromise matters. It was no use, however, and the two sides were soon at open war. There was a furious battle between them, which was watched by thousands of Peruvians from the mountain peaks around, and we may suppose that these poor, wronged barbarians must have taken

great satisfaction in seeing their brutal oppressors kill one another. Almagro was defeated, taken and thrown into prison. The Pizarros did not dare to have him publicly executed, fearing the indignation on the part of his friends, whom they wanted to conciliate and bring over to their side. So he was quietly strangled in prison, and it was given out that he had died of a fit. And his old friend Pizarro pretended to be terribly grieved over the occurrence, and shed a large number of crocodile tears, to make people think that he loved Almagro dearly and never wished to do him harm!

This was not the end of the trouble, however, for Almagro's son still lived, a daring young man, not at all likely to forgive Pizarro, who had made a solemn promise to him that his father's life should be spared. However, he agreed not to attempt to take vengeance until a judge should arrive from Spain to decide the case. But before this matter was done with it had ended the career of all the Pizarros in Peru.

Fernando Pizarro, by far the best and most honorable of the brothers, was sent, soon after the battle of the Salinas in which Almagro was defeated, to Spain with a large quantity of treasures for the crown. Very soon after he reached there, the relatives of Almagro in that country brought suit against him for the marshal's murder. The suit was decided against him, he was thrown into prison, and kept there for more than twenty years. When he was released, all his old friends were dead, and he retired to the little town where he was born and lived there quite forgotten by the world, till he was over one hundred years old.

When Fernando left for Spain, Gonzalo started against the natives of Charcas, and conquered and took possession for Spain of the country in which the great silver mines of Potosi were afterwards found. He was then made governor of Quito and soon after went in search of a country full of cinnamon trees, which the Indians told him was to be found in the mountains. Many miles from Cuzco, these explorers came to a net work of rivers with broad marshes between them. Here the forest was so dense with vines and great fern plants that they had to cut a path for themselves at every step. Then they made a large canoe, put into it their knapsacks and guns, and all their sick men, and started it down a river which the Indians

called the Coca. The rest of the men went along the shore of the river with the boat, cutting their way with axes. You see they had passed the crest of the Andes mountains, and were descending on the eastern slope. At last they found some Indians who were quite friendly to them, and who told them that the Coca river flowed into a much larger stream where there was plenty of food for the white men. Gonzalo therefore decided to send the bravest of his captains, Francis de Orellana, in the boat with some men, down to the larger river to get a supply of food and bring it back to the others.

Orellana was a brave man, no doubt, but he was not a very honorable man. For, after reaching the great river which the Indians called the Marañon, and finding what a noble river it was, he did not want to go back to his companions but thought there would be great glory in following this river to the sea. So he said to his men that as the current of the river was very swift it was no use to try to stem it and go back. Though they had been but ten days in coming to the larger river, he said it would take them a year to go back against the current, and by that time all of Gonzalo Pizarro's company would be dead anyhow. As the most of the men were more inclined to go forward than back, they were easily persuaded by Orellana's arguments to go with him. Only two were faithful enough to refuse, and these made their way back through the forest to their companions and told them what Orellana had done. So there was nothing for Gonzalo to do but to struggle back to Peru. He was two years in making his way back through the mountain thickets, and nearly all of his men perished through exposure and hunger. When, at last, all that was left of the expedition, a few sick, ragged and starving men, with Gonzalo, reached Cuzco again, the first news that they heard was the story of the murder of the great marquis Pizarro.

He had been killed by the friends of the Dead Almagro, whose patience had become worn out with waiting for justice from the government. They plotted together, and on the 25th of June, 1541, went to Pizarro's house to kill him. It was Sunday and they were told that the marquis was ill, but they pushed their way in, and with the cry, "Down with the tyrant," stabbed him before he could make resistance. Young Almagro was made governor, but soon after a new governor was sent from Spain, and as Almagro would not sub-

mit to him, he was taken and put to death. Soon after his return, Gonzalo Pizarro headed a similar revolt and was taken and executed. Thus ended the story of these avaricious and cruel brothers. The new government of Peru was quite honorable and fair, and did much for the protection of the Indians and the peaceful colonization of the country.

But what had become of the selfish Orellana? He had sailed in



SWAMPS OF THE AMAZON.

his little boat, down the great river to the sea. It was a strange and wonderful voyage and full of dangers. The men were not only amazed and delighted at the great forests that lined the banks of the river, at the beautiful flowers which they saw, and the birds of gorgeous plumage, but they were terrified by strange wild beasts whose roaring filled the air at night, and at the monstrous serpents which

they saw when they landed. Bands of naked savages came to the shore and looked at them in amazement, and sometimes sent showers of arrows after the boat. Some women armed with bows and arrows also came and shot at them, and from these Orellana called the great river the Amazon. Reaching the sea, he made his way along the coast till he found a Portuguese settlement, and thence took passage in a vessel for Spain. When the account of his discovery was told to the king he was sent out again with four hundred men in four ships to found a colony and conquer the country. But on the passage out Orellana died, and the others of the company, finding after landing that the Portuguese were inclined to contest their right to make a settlement, went back to Spain. So the Spaniards never gained control in the land of the Amazons. The Portuguese kept their hold on the country, were the main colonizers there, and after the country had become independent it was a branch of the Portuguese royal family that obtained rule over it.

THE STRANGE STORY OF CABEZA DE VECA.

1528—1535.



LIKE all young people—and many older ones, too, for that matter,—you no doubt love to read about strange and wonderful things. And some one perhaps has made you think that you must look in romances and fables for wonders, that all history is commonplace and stupid. But you must surely know now, after reading of the discovery and exploration of the New World, that history abounds in interesting and wonderful stories. One of these I shall now tell you, and the most wonderful part of it is, that one of the men who took part in it lived to tell about it.

You remember the man whose jealousy nearly overthrew the scheme of Cortez to conquer Mexico—Narvaez, a hard, selfish, cruel man. Cortez met him, you will recollect, defeated him, and took command of his army, making him a subordinate officer. After Mexico was conquered, however, Narvaez was allowed to go back to Spain. He was filled with great rage and envy, you may be sure, against Cortez, who had taken from him the honors and the wealth of conquest. But he had rich friends in Spain, and he was a vain, bold man himself, so after a short time he secured authority to conquer Florida, the land which Ponce de Leon had found, and govern it. He was now in high feather, believing that he would find another kingdom like Mexico, abounding in gold that he could freely plunder. He left Spain with six hundred men, but stopping at Hispaniola he was detained for some time in getting supplies, and nearly two hundred of his men deserted him, probably because they had come to have some knowledge of his cruelty, and did not wish for any better acquaintance with it. At last the expedition set out with about four hundred men, and April 13, 1528, he landed in Tampa

Bay, and took possession of the country in the name of Spain. There went with him, as his aid and the treasurer of the expedition, a gentleman named Cabeza de Veca, a fact to be remembered, as but for this man, the story of the expedition would probably have been utterly lost to the world.

One of the objects of this expedition was to secure, besides all the gold that could be found, a large number of Indians to be sold as slaves in Cuba and Hispaniola, where the natives had nearly all perished through hardships and cruelty. Immediately after landing, the march inland was begun. It was only a story of disappointments. Instead of rich cities and magnificent temples, only dense forests and wide swamps were found. When the Indians were asked for gold they pointed toward the Northwest. It is supposed that they meant to indicate the mountains of Georgia, where some gold was found to exist in later years. So Narvaez and his men pushed in that direction through the tangled forests. He was not wise enough to try to make the natives whom he met his friends, but treated them with hideous cruelty, torturing and killing them if they would not bring him gold. So they returned his cruelty with treachery, and the Spaniards had to fight every step of the way. At last his men refused to go any farther and Narvaez was obliged to retrace his steps to the coast. He had left some sailors with his ships, ordering them to go westward along the coast and wait for his return. But when with his exhausted and famishing army, which had already lost one-third of its number, he came to the seashore again, the ships were nowhere to be seen, nor, though the men went in search of them both east and west, could any trace of them be found. They had in fact gone back to the West Indies.

Narvaez was now in great perplexity, and he called together the principal men of his army to consult as to what could be done. They agreed that they must get away from that dreadful country and it was plain that there was no way to do this, but by building ships to cross the ocean in. But how were they to make ships? They had no tools, no iron, no forge to work the iron in, nor rigging for the ship when built, and what was worse, not a man in the whole company that knew anything about ship building.

Perhaps you have read stories about men who were wrecked on a desert island. From these you have learned that men can do many things that are very difficult when they are under a stress of necessity. We have an account of the experiences of the army of Narvaez and their method of conquering difficulties, written by Cabeza de Veca. It is interesting as the story of Robinson Crusoe, which you like so much.

At last a man came forward who carved a pipe of wood, and with deerskin a bellows was made. By this time one man was found in the army, who had worked at ship carpentry. Then a forge of stone was built and with their stirrups, spurs, crossbows, and other things of iron, they made the nails and bolts that they needed. Each day they killed a horse for food and sent out all the men they could spare to forage for grain. Nothing of this kind could be obtained, however, without fights with the Indians.

It is supposed from the narrative of De Veca, that it was on the shores of Appalachicola Bay that the army of Narvaez built its strange little fleet of boats. In sixteen days they had five boats completed, for they were so eager to get away that they worked as hard as they could, and managed to use very imperfect materials successfully. They used palmetto fibre for calking, they made resin themselves, from pine trees; they used palmetto husks, and also the tails and manes of horses, for rigging, and nearly all the shirts of the men were taken for sails. They cut down cedar poles for oars. They skinned the horses they killed, and taking these skins entire, they tanned them and used them for holding water. At last they set sail, and at first the boats were so full that the men had to sit close. There was great fear that the boats would be swamped with the heavy load, but as the days went on and the frail craft were tossed upon the boisterous waters of the gulf, so many died of hunger and disease that the boats were greatly lightened.

Not one among the men on these boats, De Veca says, had any knowledge of navigation, which seemed strange in that adventurous age. Besides, they had no compass, and they thought that their safest course was in following as near as possible to the land, believing, which was correct, that they would thus in time reach the Mexican coast. For a month these frail little boats with their crews of

heartsick, hungry, shivering men, kept near together, landing on the coast occasionally for food. Then came a terrible storm and the boats were scattered and two of them were not seen again.

The next day Cabeza de Veca's boatman caught sight of the boat of Narvaez, and one other. The commander had taken aboard his vessel the stoutest and healthiest men. It seemed to De Veca, therefore, that he ought to be willing to help the others. Pushing forward until within hail of the other boats, De Veca called to Narvaez, saying that they should try to rejoin the other boat which was drifting out to sea. Narvaez replied that he was pulling for the shore and that the others might follow if they wished. De Veca then said that many of his men were so worn with sickness that they could not pull at the oars, and asked if the commander would not throw a rope to them, thus to help them somewhat in getting forward. But Narvaez answered that he had as much as he could do in getting his own boat to shore, without pulling others along. De Veca then turned his boat toward the third little vessel and joined it, and during the following night the boat of Narvaez disappeared and was never heard of again. Four days after, in a storm De Veca lost all sight and knowledge of the other boat also.

By this time the men in De Veca's boat were so overcome by suffering and despair, that they lay on the bottom of the vessel in an insensible condition, and the leader thought they were all dying or dead. Only one man was left who was able to help him in steering the boat, and, says poor De Veca, whose great courage and strength of mind seem to have held him up through everything,—“I thought I would far rather be dead than to look upon these poor, dying men.” Then the wind increased, and as De Veca held his place at the helm he pushed for the shore of an island that they had drifted to, though expecting every minute that the sea would engulf all their sorrows. Then a great wave threw the boat like an egg-shell high up on the rocky beach. The sudden shock roused nearly all the men that De Veca had thought dead, and they crawled on their hands and knees out of the boat. De Veca then made a fire and hope was again aroused in the hearts of the desolate band.

The Indians of the island soon came to see these shipwrecked mariners, and were so full of sympathy for them that they wept pro-

fusely. Then they insisted upon taking them all to the Indian village, carrying those who were unable to walk, but after the white men were fed and restored to strength and wished to resume their voyage, the Indians would not allow them to go, but made them the slaves of their chiefs, sending them to different parts of the mainland.

It would take much too long to tell you of the strange experiences that De Veca had among the Indians. He was quite shrewd and made the chiefs he met his friends. Then with the object of reaching the other white men, who had been scattered among the different tribes, he began to act as a peddler, taking the produce, bead-work, etc., of the different tribes to one another, and bringing back other articles secured in exchange. He was good at driving a bargain, and his services in this traffic became in great demand. Better



BOAT OF DE VECA ADRIFT.

than all, he was able occasionally to see and talk with his countrymen. But the months went by, and still he saw no opportunity for escape. At last he slipped away, and the others joined him. Instead of following down the coast they struck westward. They had neither clothing nor food, but they pushed onward. Some friendly Indians, who had had no experience with the white man to embitter their minds against him, gave them skins to wrap themselves in, and in one way and another they obtained food. Still pushing onward over rocky mountains and desert valleys, they crossed the continent, and at last reached a Spanish settlement on the Pacific coast. This was the town of Culiacan, on a river which flows into the gulf of California. Seven years had passed from the time when Narvaez and his four hundred followers had landed with such high hopes on the Florida coast, when this poor remnant of four men, all that was left of the army, at last reached a place of safety.

THE DISCOVERY OF A GREAT RIVER.

1536—1541.



YOU remember that Fernando de Soto was one of the captains with Pizarro in Peru, and that he was one of the bravest officers among the Spaniards there, and so much better and more honorable than the others that Pizarro did not dare to tell him of the treacherous plan to murder the Inca, but sent him away at that time. I am sorry to say, however, that De Soto, though he reproached Pizarro angrily when he heard of the cruel murder, yet consented to take a large share of the gold which Pizarro had seized, and to make no complaint against his leader, when he returned to Spain. De Soto was not cruel and greedy, willing to do anything for gold, but there was a good reason why he wanted to carry some wealth home with him from this expedition.

Fernando de Soto was born in 1500 in the small town of Xeres in Spain. His parents belonged to the nobility but they were so poor they could not send their little son to school, and as the nobility did not work, his childhood was spent in idleness. But he was a brave, beautiful child, and his face so attracted the attention of a rich nobleman, Don Pedro by name, that he took the child and sent him to one of the finest schools. Here he learned all that was necessary to make a good soldier and came out one of the most gallant cavaliers of the day.

But his beautiful face and gallant figure were all his fortune, and for his daily needs he was entirely dependent upon his patron Don Pedro. This nobleman, though fond of Fernando in a certain way, was very angry when the young man asked for the hand of his daughter, the fair Isabella, in marriage. It is said that he sent him away with angry words but being about this time appointed governor of the new town of Darien, Don Pedro chose De Soto to

come with him because in this way he would be separated from Isabella. Some say that Don Pedro was a very wicked man and was planning to lead the young man into such danger in the constant wars with the Indians that he should never see the land of Spain again.

However that may be, De Soto went to Darien with the governor Don Pedro, and he served as a soldier under that cruel man much against his will, for he pitied the poor Indians, who were at this time treated with cruelty beyond anything we can imagine. For several years he was here, and was growing very weary of his life, for he saw no opportunity of acquiring the wealth that would enable him to marry the fair Isabella. At last he heard of the expedition that Pizarro was preparing, to go in search of the land of gold to the south, and therefore resigned his post and went to join the explorers.

He shared in all the terrible sufferings of the expedition, and when the rich Inca had been killed and his wealth seized by the Spaniards, De Soto was given a share of the plunder. I think that he must have been ashamed to take the money so basely gained, but he probably said to himself, "The Inca is dead now and if I do not take his wealth somebody else will." And then his thoughts flew to the beautiful Isabella, and he thought that now her cruel, selfish father would not stand between them, and his happy thoughts made him forget all about the injustice done to the Inca. So after Peru had been conquered he took his gold and silver and returned to Darien, and there set sail for Spain.

De Soto was now a rich man and the proud Don Pedro was dead, so the first thing he did on reaching home was to seek out the beautiful Isabella whom he had loved so long, and finding her still true and loving, they were soon after married. Now it would seem that De Soto had his heart's desire, for the riches he had sought for so long and Isabella whom he had loved from boyhood, were his. And for some time he was happy, but unfortunately he spent his money so fast that in a few years he began to wish for more. About this time a number of Spaniards visited Florida and came back full of delight at its beautiful woods and flowers, and they had understood the natives to speak of gold and silver mines in some distant region. So they said it was just the place for a rich colony. Fernan-

do De Soto listened eagerly to the stories of this new country. He had been an active soldier in the conquest of Peru. He had heard of the great conquest of Mexico. Why should there not be another great conquest with himself as leader?

So he went to the king, who admired him very much on account of his past bravery and present riches, and told him of a great plan for entering Florida with a large army to discover and conquer. The king was very much pleased with the idea, and to make it easier for De Soto he was made governor of Cuba, a large island south of Florida. It was arranged that he should move to Cuba and start from there on his great expedition.

This undertaking was very different from those which went before, for all the others had been undertaken by poor men hoping to make a fortune or a name, whose followers were reckless adventurers. This was led by the great courtier De Soto, whose name

was already famous because of his bravery and the fortune which he had made from the spoils of Peru, and so popular was this cavalier, and so great the trust in his judgment and good fortune, that the sons of the richest nobles in the land made up the most of his army.

Fernando took with him his brave wife Isabella, whom he planned to leave in Cuba, to govern that island during his absence. Many others also took their wives and it was a hopeful company which finally set sail from the coast of Spain. The voyage to Cuba was a fair and prosperous one, and there the fleet stopped awhile to put off the household goods of many, who, like De Soto, were to live in Cuba, and also to enlist such Cubans as wished to accompany them. These were not a few, for De Soto was a noted man, and



FERNANDO DE SOTO.

many a high born youth, admiring the leader and noting the air of good cheer which all wore as though they were on a holiday journey, burnished his armor, sharpened his sword, and led his good warsteed aboard the ship, sworn to follow De Soto wherever he might lead.

At last everything was ready and with high hopes the party set sail for Florida. Their way lay directly to the north, and, as the warm waters of the gulf were soft and still, it was not many days till they arrived at Tampa Bay where they planned to anchor. Here the soldiers unloaded their provisions, their weapons and horses, and such animals as they had brought to supply them food. Then the sailors, promising to meet them next year further along the coast, set sail for Cuba, and the army, with banners flying and drums beating, began their march into the heart of Florida. You see the story of Cabeza de Vaca, and of the sufferings of his company, had not found its way to Spain or even to Cuba yet, or De Soto's company would not have been so hopeful.

As it was, they started inland altogether ignorant of the difficulties before them, and especially unprepared for the ill-feeling of the natives aroused by the cruelties of Narvaez. Their army was continually surprised on the march by showers of arrows in the forest, by sudden attacks at night and other difficulties. It was not De Soto's plan to fight with the natives except to defend himself, and by kind treatment and gifts he tried to win over the chiefs. In many cases he succeeded, but now and then he found one whose hatred for the white man could not be changed.

One of these was so fierce that De Soto could not understand why it was that in no way either of war or peace could this chief be persuaded to friendship. At last he heard that one of the white men who had visited Florida, had stolen this man's wife and daughter, and when the poor savage tried to get them back by force, the Spaniards seized him and cut off his ears. De Soto did not wonder at the warlike nature of these Indians after he heard this, and hurried past their territory.

As they were going through the forest to the north they met a small party of Indians. They did not feel sure of the friendship of these natives and so raised their weapons to frighten them away; but one ran eagerly forward crying "Seville," the name of a province

of Spain, and they found that he was a Spaniard. He was one of the men of the Narvaez expedition, and had been living so long with the Indians that he seemed almost like one of them. De Soto was much pleased to meet this man, for he was of great use to them as he could speak the Indian language.



THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

Month after month they travelled on, sometimes wading through swamps and again cutting their way through forests. Now and then they were kindly received by a chief but more often were met by a declaration of war. Whatever it was the Spaniards met it boldly.

It was their way in fighting the Indians to make a bold strike for the leader and if they killed or

captured him the rest soon ran away. But one tribe of Indians they could not conquer in this way because the chief never

came to battle. At first they could not understand this, but at last De Soto found out that this Indian was so fat he could not walk, but he was a good general and would arrange attacks for his soldiers. As soon as De Soto learned this he planned to find the fat chief and carry him away, but this was not easy as he was securely hidden. At last, from some captive Indian, De Soto learned that in the midst of a deep wood was a clearing where the chief lived with his best warriors. All around, closing him in, was hedge after hedge of heavy trees and at the opening to each hedge was a great crowd of warriors. So, says history, "in the midst of the forest lived the big chief like a great fat spider in his web" De Soto and his men fought their way to the center of this web and carried away the chief. But this did not end the war as they had hoped. The fat chief pretended to be sorry that his men were so troublesome, and said that if they would take him where he could speak to his people he would tell them to stop fighting. But in carrying the chief to his camp they were not as careful as possible, thinking, perhaps, that he was too fat to get away. So one night he crept on his hands and knees into the wood where some of his warriors were lurking and was carried away in their arms. The Spaniards never saw the fat chief again and soon marched beyond his country.

It was not easy marching in this part of the country but the men persevered, hoping always to find the gold for which they eagerly asked each new tribe of Indians.

At last they heard of a country ruled by a young princess, wherein were white and yellow metals, and the Spaniards hastened to find this land. It lay beyond a broad river, but the Indian princess kindly crossed to meet them bearing a string of pearls as a gift to De Soto, who returned the courtesy by presenting a ring from his own hand. From the princess they heard the same story of white and yellow metals but were disappointed to find them worthless ores of tin and copper, and they tried to make up by taking the pearls from the burial places of the Indians. Some say that the princess offered these in sorrow for their disappointment. Others say that she revered the burial places and that the soldiers robbed them in direct defiance of the laws of hospitality. If they did not do this, at least they did one thing that was very wrong. They took the kind princess

captive to make sure that her warriors would not attack them. They carried her a long distance, but one day she escaped into the woods, and though they followed, I am glad to tell you they did not find her.

After many more battles with different tribes of Indians wherein they lost many men and horses, the Spaniards, disappointed at not finding gold, and tired of fighting, became much discouraged. As the time drew near for them to meet the ships on the gulf, they planned to board them and refuse to go any farther in this new country. In some way De Soto suspected his men were not true and one night he went around the camp listening, and heard of the plan to desert him. It troubled him very much, for so far he had spent a great deal of money and gained nothing. If his followers deserted him now he would go home a poor man and be laughed at for his failure. So the next morning he told his men he had decided not to join his ships, but to march further into the country, and when the disappointed men ventured to speak of worn clothes and scanty food, he angrily hushed them.

It is said that from this time De Soto changed from a cheerful friendly soldier to a harsh stern commander. He did not seem after this to have any plan before him, but wandered from place to place. At last the beginning of the third year came, and one afternoon they came suddenly upon a wide magnificent river. They gave it a name of their own, but found afterwards that the Indians called it the Mississippi, or Father of all Waters. This seemed to all such a good name that it is called so still. The river was very wide here, but the soldiers built boats to cross, and reaching the other side they wandered far into the northwest seeking always for gold of which the poor savages could tell nothing, though sometimes tortured to make them show its hiding place, for De Soto had changed in his treatment toward the Indians as well as in other ways.

At last he seemed to see the folly of his conduct and to regret that he had not joined his ships, planted a colony on the gulf and returned to Cuba for reinforcements. He now planned to return to the great river which they had crossed far back, and build boats in which they would float down to the sea and thence to Cuba. With this end in view he began to lead the way back, a thing not easy to

do as the Spaniards seldom left the Indians friendly. At last they came to the river, but by this time De Soto, worn with care and trouble, was taken with a fever. He had been more like himself of late and now tried to cheer his men on to build their boats and make ready to start. Day by day he grew worse and at last, seeing that his end was near, he called his officers and soldiers to say goodlye. Such had been his faithful command that his soldiers wept as if they had lost a father, but they dared not let the Indians see their grief for fear that they, knowing the great leader was dead, would begin a war.

They therefore buried De Soto at night in the bottom of a pit. The next day they pretended to be very happy as if their leader was better. The Indians did not believe this, however, and spent a great deal of time looking down into the pits. The Spaniards were afraid that they would dig around till they made sure of the death of De Soto. So the next night his body was taken up and put in the hollow of a great evergreen log and sunk in the waters of the great Mississippi. Thus they left him sleeping in the great river he had found.

As for the followers of De Soto, while trying to hide his death from the Indians, they went quietly away from that spot at night. Instead of going down the river as their leader had planned, they wandered away to the southwest. Here they hoped to find some of their own countrymen, but they had only to fight more battles and they came back without a good many of their men and horses.

They now returned to the plan of making their way down the Mississippi to the gulf and a few months later they landed on the coast of Mexico, a very different company from that which had set out so gaily through Florida four years before. That was a strong army, well clothed and well mounted. This was a few straggling soldiers, clad in the skins of animals and without any horses, for those which had escaped the arrows of the Indians had been killed for food.

It was a sad ending to such a hopeful undertaking. But though De Soto died of his troubles and privations and his brave wife of a broken heart, his name will ever be remembered as that of the first discoverer of the great Mississippi river.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA.

1536—1542.



NE of the many tales of fabulous wealth which were told to the Spanish conquerors was the story of the "Seven Cities of Cibola." The first who told this story was a Texan Indian, held as a slave by De Guzman, governor of the north province of Mexico or New Spain. The Texan told wonderful stories of seven cities that he had visited as a boy with his father. Gold and silver were plenty there, he said, and the streets were lined with shops ablaze with gold and precious stones.

The Spaniards were cruel masters and the poor slave had a hard time of it, so, cunningly discovering the white man's passion—the love of gold—he set himself to work to gain favor by directing him where to find it. With the help of quite a lively imagination—for an Indian—he made a story of seven rich cities out of some poor Indian hamlets between the Rio Grande and the Pecos rivers. The governor sent out an expedition to find these cities, but the explorers came back again after long wanderings, reporting that they could not find any cities at all.

Every now and then an adventurer would start out to find a fortune by robbing these cities, but return a sadder and a wiser man than he went. So for ten years these seven cities of Cibola were only known by the story of the Texan Indian, which of course grew more wonderful as it was repeatedly told. Rumors of them had even reached the city of Mexico. But in 1536, four half starved men, Cabeza de Vaca and three other survivors of Narvaez' band,—all that were left of them—appeared in Mexico. They also told how they had heard of cities where gold was everywhere. The viceroy of Mexico sent out an expedition under Marcos de Niza, a

Franciscan monk, with one of the wanderers—a Moor named Stephen,—for a guide, to find the cities and pave the way for the Spanish conquest. The Moor was so eager that he traveled on faster than the monk and reaching some cities still south of the Rio Grande, plundered them, and after goading the gentle natives into anger at his many outrages was killed by them. His followers then fled back to the monk who was slowly advancing. But on hearing of the Moor's death he turned back. On reaching the city of Mexico again he told that he had seen one of the cities from a hill, and saw the sun glittering on the golden roofs of the houses. He also said that he had met a man from another of the towns who told him that the commonest utensils were made of gold, as it was the only metal that the people had, and turquoise was used for money. Now this good monk was a very zealous worker and had the conversion of the Indians much at heart. And he knew that the love of gold and nothing else would lead the Spaniards to go among these people. So saying to himself that "the end justifies the means," he told these stories out of pure love for these poor heathen, that they might be conquered and converted.

Of course another and larger expedition was at once sent out. The viceroy placed it under the command of Francisco de Coronado, who had succeeded De Guzman as governor of the north province.

Coronado was a Spanish cavalier, born in the city of Salamanca. Brave he was, and adventurous, but the love of gold had made him cruel and avaricious, as it ever has done and ever will do. Coming to the New World he married the daughter of the royal treasurer, and this brought him favor and position, and he was soon made governor. It was after his term as governor was over that he organized his expedition.

Early in the spring of 1540 his expedition set forth with three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Indians. The new governor told Coronado to let these people understand that there was a God in heaven and an emperor on earth. The march over the mountainous country was hard, and the soldiers grew discontented; but they were spurred on by the hope of the great wealth that would be theirs for the taking. When, at last, the country of Cibola was reached, they found, instead of rich cities with streets of gold, only a few poor

Indian hamlets with no gold in sight. Coronado, however, would not give up. He knew that much money had been spent in fitting out the expedition, and he thought that there might be some other cities that he could rob. The Indians, always glad to lend a helping hand to get the Spaniards out of their country, on learning what the white men wanted told them of rich cities farther to the east. Again the expedition set out, and after some days' hard march they reached a country now marked by ruined cities and villages in New Mexico, watered by the Pecos and Rio Grande rivers, and not far south of the present city of Santa Fe. These cities had some wealth, for the natives were quite civilized. They built good dwellings of stone to live in, and understood some arts and manufactures. The natives welcomed the Spaniards, calling their



ANCIENT CITY OF NEW MEXICO.

commander "Hayota" meaning "a man from heaven." Presents of turquoise and gold were sent them, and the simple natives came before them playing on flutes and bearing vases filled with the perfume of flowers. The Spaniards—by way of showing their gratitude—imprisoned several of the chiefs, plundered one of their villages of everything of value in it and then set fire to it. Then from the other villages the Spaniards demanded cloth enough to make clothes for the entire army. Winter was coming on and the poor natives were forced to give up their own garments to their despoilers. But when the Spaniards tried to carry away their wives and children for slaves, they made ready to fight. Barricading their town, for some days they kept the foe at bay by arrows; but the Spaniards dug under the walls and fired the city. The Indians then surrendered on promise of quarter. The Spaniards kept this promise as they did every other. The chiefs being secured

and guarded, their conquerors determined to burn them alive. But when the captives saw the preparation for this, they broke loose, and seizing the logs intended for the fires fought for their lives. The Spaniards on horseback rode them down and killed nearly all of them with swords.

The winter, which had now come on, was unusually cold, and the Spaniards were having rather a hard time of it, so they kindly offered to pardon the Indians of the villages—for being hospitable and friendly toward the Spaniards—if they would surrender their towns and feed their enemies. But the Indians had profited by the example of the fate of the first village and said that they would not make treaties with men who broke their faith, and burned prisoners of war. So siege was laid to another village. The inhabitants had prepared for it, however, and for fifty days resisted the foe. The Indians, cut off from the river, could get no water and they suffered much. They melted all the snow that fell in the city, but this was soon exhausted. They tried to dig a well but it caved in and buried the workmen. At last, in despair, they made a great fire and burned up all their valuable things so that these would not fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and then, with their women and children in the middle, they made a wild charge to break through the ranks of Spanish soldiers. The Spaniards were too strong, however, and few Indians escaped the slaughter that followed. Many were driven into the river and the wounded were held as slaves. Thus these simple, loving, virtuous people, who had greeted Coronado with the perfume of flowers and the soft music of their flutes, came to understand what the wicked Spaniards meant by teaching them that there was a God in heaven, and an emperor on earth.

The people of the villages that were left, were very anxious to get rid of these ungrateful Spaniards, and the same old plan was tried of sending them on to look for a richer country. An Indian came to Coronado and told him of a country far to the north. It was the kingdom of Quivera, he said, ruled by a king called Tartarraz. He told the most wonderful tales that his simple imagination could make up. That the king sailed in a golden ship upon a great river, that he wore garments of gold—that gold was everywhere. And he promised to lead them to the country. The commander was a little

suspicious of this man, but he was so wild to get gold that he would not lose the merest chance of finding it. So on the fifth day of May, 1541, Coronado and his army quitted the valleys which they had so thoroughly converted, crossed the Pecos river, and began a weary march over the trackless plains of what is now Texas, Indian Territory and Kansas. There were no trees to shelter and the July sun poured down upon them; many men wandering off a few miles to hunt game, never returned, for they had no land marks to guide them. At last they crossed a great river, probably the Arkansas.

Coronado had now become more suspicious of this Indian guide, whom the men had nicknamed the "Turk." For when they passed by Indian villages, if the "Turk" was the first to speak with the natives, they always confirmed his stories of the kingdom of Quivera, but if he was prevented from speaking with them they said they had never heard of such a place. Of course the Spaniards—from force of habit—killed the natives, after they had eaten them out of house and home. This astonished the poor people much, as they thought the white men would do nothing worse than bless them, as Cabeza de Vaca did when he wandered over the country.

Coronado, believing that the "Turk" had deceived him, and seeing that provisions were giving out and that they would soon have nothing to eat but buffalo meat, held a council with his captains. They decided that Coronado should choose thirty of his bravest men, and with Indians as guides and the "Turk" in chains, should go on to find Quivera, while his main army should return to the Pecos.

After many weeks on the march the weary soldiers reached the promised land, and found the king Tartarax. But, alas for their hopes, all the precious metal he had was a piece of copper which he proudly wore on his breast. The "Turk" then told Coronado that he had brought him and his soldiers out to starve in the desert, to rid the peaceful valley of the Pecos and Rio Grande of its foes, and then took his hanging quite calmly.

Giving up all hope of finding wealth in the north, Coronado and his men turned back. But the leader was destined never again to see his fair wife and friends in Mexico. On the return march, when they had reached the Rio Grande, he was one day thrown from his horse and received injuries from which he shortly died. His men buried him in the Rio Grande river.

THE STORY OF LAS CASAS

1524—1566.



THE system of slavery introduced by the Spaniards into America was most excessively and needlessly cruel. It was unfortunately sanctioned by Columbus, who, seeing the need of workmen in building towns in the new country, had allowed those Indians who had been taken captive by the Spaniards in their wars to be portioned off to the various settlers. The white man was, in return for their labor, to teach them the Christian faith and religion. Columbus had a great desire to convert all the Indians to the Christian faith, and raise among them an enormous army which he could lead to Palestine and capture the Holy Sepulcher. But the Christianity which his followers taught the Indians was of a very dubious kind. As soon also, as they found the gold mines, they set the Indians to work in them, and, to force them to get out as much gold as they could, they beat them cruelly. The Indians were not accustomed to laborious work. They had been content, in mining for themselves, to get out a small quantity at a time. Their wants were few, and they had as little need as inclination for hard labor. So when they were made to toil as slaves they died off in great numbers. Probably their mental sufferings were also the cause of death in hundreds of instances. For it is not possible for us to conceive what terrible agony it must have been for these poor Indians, aside from direct cruelty to themselves, to see their beautiful lands laid waste, to witness robbery and murder and unspeakable cruelty to their friends and families, to feel themselves subjected to hopeless slavery, and yet feel absolutely powerless to change these evil circumstances in the slightest degree—it is no wonder that they died off in such numbers that in a few years whole races and tribes were extinct. When the lazy Spaniards

found that they could no longer get the Indians to work for them, they sent to Africa and stole negroes and set them to work in fields and mines. And thus negro slavery, which has been such an unutterable curse to America, first began on the western shores.

In Hispaniola, when so many of the poor Indians had died that there were not enough to work the gold mines, ships were sent to get the natives of the Lucayan Islands. And to induce these people to come with them, the Spaniards pretended that they were messengers from the Isles of the Blest, where the spirits of the ancestors of the Indians had gone! Just think what the disappointment of these poor beings must have been when they found to what a fate they were actually brought! It was not long, you may be sure, before they really did join the spirits of their ancestors. Sometimes, we are told, these poor Indians committed suicide in families or in parties, to get away from their dreadful tyrants.

But all the Spaniards were not so cruel. The Dominican friars, who were sent out to aid in teaching the natives, protested with all their might against the cruelties which they witnessed, though by so doing they brought upon themselves the hatred of the conquerors and officials of the country.

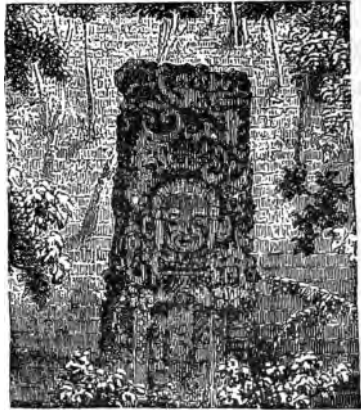
There was also a priest who was most active in his efforts to help the Indians, and accomplished so much that I must tell you about it. This was Bartolome de Las Casas. Just after he had taken orders as a priest he went out to Cuba with a friend, and together they had a grant of land and received the usual number of slaves to work it. At first, these two men worked their farm with the slaves, without thinking of any wrong in it as long as they treated them kindly. But after a while, their eyes were opened by the cruel deeds of others, and they agreed to give up their farm and endeavor to secure some justice and protection for the poor Indians. Las Casas went to Spain and appealed to the king, who issued orders forbidding the practice of cruelties. But the New World was a long way off, and the greedy men there paid little attention to the laws made at home.

After the conquest of Mexico, Las Casas went out there to preach. But he said so much against the violence and wickedness of his countrymen that he was not allowed for several years to preach at all. He wrote a book in which he declared that the Indians should

be made Christians by love and good teaching, not by slavery and violence; and even if they refused, this did not make it right to make war on them and enslave them. The Spanish laughed at this idea but Las Casas was determined to put it in practice.

There was at this time near Guatemala, a country which was filled with Indians so fierce that no one had been able to subdue them. It was called the "land of war." Three times the Spanish invaders had tried to penetrate this land, and three times they had come back from the attempt defeated, "with their hands up to their heads;" as the Spanish historian puts it. Las Casas actually signed and sealed an agreement with the governor of Guatemala to convert these people by peaceful means. This was while Alvarado was away on his expedition to Peru. Had this ruthless soldier been at home he probably would not have consented to the plan. The agreement testified that the Indians in question were fierce men in revolt, whom no Spaniard dared to go near, and declared that if Las Casas, or any of his monks, could bring these Indians to acknowledge the ruler of Spain as their monarch, and pay him a tribute, they should never be given to any Spaniard as slaves. It was also agreed that to give the monks a chance to accomplish this work, no soldiers or colonists, except those connected with the government, should be allowed to enter the country for five years.

According to the manner of pious men in those times, Las Casas and his monks prepared for their undertaking with fervent prayers and severe fasts. Then they drew up in verse, in the Guatemalan tongue, an account of the creation of man, his fall and his banishment from Eden, and told how redemption was promised to him. Then, in the same tongue, they told the life of Christ, his teachings, his death, resurrection and ascension. They taught these verses to



GUATEMALAN IDOL.

some Christian Indian merchants, who were in the habit of carrying merchandise several times a year into the "land of war." The monks even set these verses to music that they might be accompanied by the rude musical instruments which the Indians used. The merchants were very much interested in the plan, and sang the verses with all their hearts, and the people listened to them with delight. Then the merchants told of the good fathers who had written these verses, and could explain more about the wonderful things which the verses described. One of the chiefs then begged that these good teachers should be sent to his country. A monk who was well acquainted with the language was sent, and was received with the greatest honor. A church was soon after built for him, in which he taught the Indians every day. The chief embraced the Christian faith and ordered the destruction of all the idols in the kingdom. When this monk returned, telling how successful his mission was, and how readily the people listened to him, Las Casas himself went to the country and spent some months teaching the people.

It was only through much difficulty that the greedy Spaniards were kept out of the country, but the worst of them were not allowed to come in, and so the territory which had been called the "land of war" received the name of Vera Paz, or true peace. The people were greatly improved, living more comfortably and happily than ever before, and have ever since been a peaceful and flourishing race. Much has been said of the difficulty which civilized people find in managing the native races of a savage country. But this gives an excellent instance, and there have been others in the history of the New World, where the natives were civilized and enlightened at no cost of injury or injustice.

Las Casas returned to Spain, where he stayed some time and there was made a bishop. He did not care for the honor, but he felt it his duty to take it, and was sent to Mexico to see that the new laws for the protection of the Indians were executed. His bishopric was in Central America, south of Yucatan, where a number of the worst Spaniards were settled. These worked against the bishop continually, for they thought his ideas about freeing Indians from slavery were as foolish as making oxen and horses free. They treated him in the most shameful manner; they fought against him, abused him, tried to starve

him, and threatened him, but all this was in vain for one who cared nothing for the joys of this world, and feared not death. He held his ground until he had brought into the country a number of the good Dominican monks who were sure to protect the Indians, and in many ways he aided this unfortunate race. A great synod of the priests and bishops who were now in the New World was to be held in Mexico, and Las Casas went to it. The Spaniards of Mexico threatened to kill him if he came, but he went nevertheless. Four great rules were laid down—first, that the Indians had as much right to the land as Christians; second, that the pope had given the New World to the king of Spain, not to make him rich, but that he might spread the Christian religion; third, that the Indians were not to be robbed without due compensation; fourth, that the king of Spain must bear the expenses of the Christian missions.

Las Casas was sent to Spain to lay these excellent laws before the king. The king approved of them and Las Casas, being an old man now, stayed in Spain, thinking he could do more for the Indians there by pleading their cause at court, than by struggling with wicked colonists. Once, the colonists sent word to King Philip that if he would abolish the law which gives all a man's slaves to the government on his death, they would pay him a large sum of money. The king wanted money just at that time, and was inclined to grant the request, but when Las Casas told him that the result of this would be to make the Indians slaves forever, the king refused. Las Casas, before he died, wrote a history of America, which is the best authority that we have concerning events of the early years of discovery. He died at Madrid in 1566, at the age of ninety-two years.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW FRANCE.

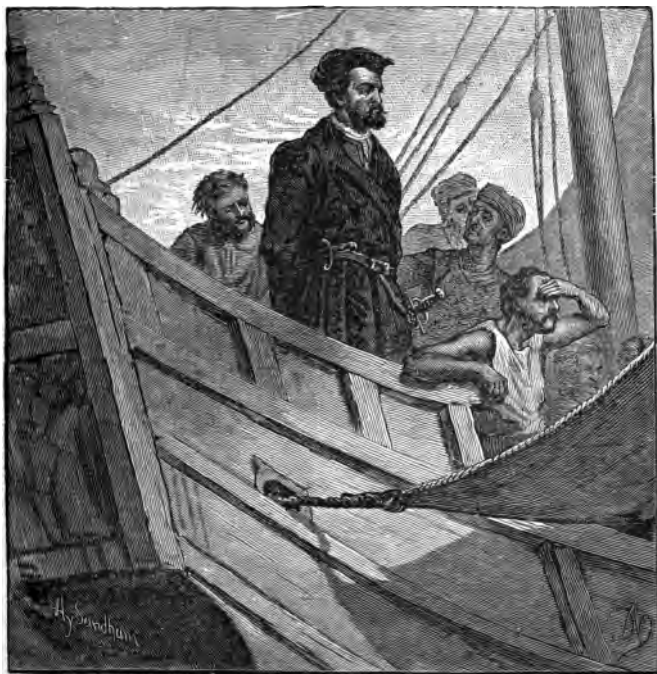
1524—1635.



UNTIL Spain and Portugal were pushing their way into the New World it was hardly possible that a great country like France could look on indifferently. "By my faith," declared Francis I, "God did not create these new countries only for Spain." But before this vain monarch came to the throne, not more than seven years after the coast of North America had first been seen by the Cabots, the daring fishermen of Brittany had found that there were good fish on the Newfoundland shore. And one of these, John Denys, in 1506 entered the gulf of St. Lawrence. But these fishermen were persons of not much importance in France, and little attention was paid to their stories of adventure.

In 1524, Francis I sent out an expedition, under John Verrazano, an Italian sailor, who cruised along the Atlantic coast from Cape Fear to the shores of Maine. A long letter, purporting to be written by this man in 1524, gives a very interesting account of this coast exploration, but strange to say, after having been accepted for two hundred years as authentic, this letter is now asserted by some modern historians to be a forgery. Still, it can hardly be doubted that Verrazano did conduct an expedition for Francis I, though how much it accomplished may not be known. Then came Jacques Cartier, ten years later, who found the great river St. Lawrence, explored it and gave it its name. He first entered a bay which he called Chaleurs, or "heat," because of the hot weather the explorers felt there—it was in July—and he landed there and set up a cross, with the king's coat of arms upon it, and took possession of the country in the name of the French king, calling it New France, a name which it bore many years.

Cartier made three voyages. It was on his second voyage that he explored the river and went as far up as the present site of Quebec, and, in spite of the opposition from the Indian chief there, the "King of Canada," he pushed still further up the river in a small vessel to an Indian village called Hochelaga. Near this village was a beautiful mountain which Cartier called Mont Real or royal moun-



CARTIER ENTERING THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

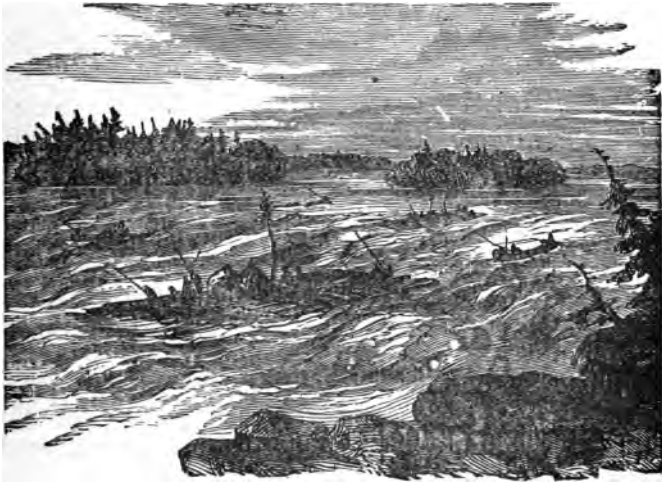
tain, and the large city subsequently built at this point took this name. When Cartier was about to return the following May, having spent the winter near Quebec, during which time many of his men died of exposure to cold and of scurvy—he invited the chief of the country and several other Indians on board his vessel, and then treacherously sailed away with them. All of these poor Indians

died of grief in France. Cartier did not go out again until 1541. Then, when he went out with Roberval, the new viceroy of New France, the natives came flocking on board his vessel, asking for their lost chief. They would not believe that he was dead and were very angry at the white men, and though Cartier stayed in their country another winter, he was obliged to fortify himself, and was in great danger and apprehension all the time. So, returning to France, he gave up all idea of further colonization or exploration of the New World. Roberval went back in 1542, with a ship and a band of colonists, but was never heard of again, and it is thought that the Indians may have taken vengeance on him for Cartier's treachery.

But the man who founded the enduring colonies of France in the New World, was Champlain, of whose brave explorations I will now tell you. Samuel Champlain was born in 1567 in France, and served in the Breton cavalry when a youth, with his uncle, who was pilot-general of the fleets of Spain. In 1599 he commanded a Spanish vessel on an expedition to Mexico. When he came back he wrote an account of the voyage. The king of France then gave him a charter to found a settlement in the New World and made him lieutenant general of Canada. He set sail in March, 1603. Reaching the St. Lawrence, he started up the river in a skiff with a few Indians. They reached the rapids above Montreal and tried to pass them, but they could make no way against the foaming waters, with oars, poles or paddles. The Indians on the shores of the river had not forgotten the story of the wrong that Cartier had done them, but the most of those who had been there when the chief was stolen were dead, and Champlain secured their friendship by kind treatment.

On his return to France from this voyage, Champlain found that De Monts, a Huguenot gentleman, had been made a ruler of Canada. He and Champlain then agreed to go together and found a colony. They left France in March, 1604, with four ships, and finding ice in the St. Lawrence river, they went further south and made a settlement in what is now Nova Scotia, which they called Port Royal. They passed a cape which they named Cape Breton, and went into the long neck of the bay beside it. This they called La Fond de la Baie, which is French for "end of the bay." The English in later years called this Fonda bay, and it came to be called bay of Fundy.

Part of the colonists stayed at Port Royal, and part went with De Monts to Passamaquoddy Bay. Champlain cruised down the coast and discovered an island which he called Mt. Desert; then he went back to Port Royal and wintered, and the next spring he went down the coast again and explored all the harbors and bays as far south as Cape Cod. He learned many things on this voyage, among them how the Indians cultivated corn, how they made canoes out of logs, and how they caught fish. Champlain made careful notes of all that he saw and heard. The next year he sailed as far south as Martha's



THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Vineyard and then went back to France. But two months later he came back again with some colonists and went up the St. Lawrence to found a city. Where the broad waters of this river narrowed under a great overhanging rock it was determined to found a town. The Indians called this place Quebio, which means "the narrows," and the French named their town Quebec.

Champlain now promised the Indians that if they would agree to guide him on an exploring expedition he would take their part in fighting the Iroquois nation, with whom they were at war. So with

a number of Indians and eleven Frenchmen, all armed, Champlain started in boats up the St. Lawrence. It was a difficult journey, for the upper waters of that river and of the Richelieu river,—a branch up which they sailed,—are filled with waterfalls. Before they had passed more than one or two of the rapids eight of the Frenchmen got discouraged and went back; but Champlain went on with only two countrymen and the Indians, and was rewarded by finding a beautiful lake which he called by his name, and which has ever since been known as Lake Champlain. On the borders of this lake, he fought and defeated the Iroquois Indians, who fled in terror before the fire of his guns.

Champlain during the following three years made two voyages to France, and back again to the new country. He then planned an expedition to explore the country to the northwest. In 1610, a young Frenchman, named De Vignau, had gone to live with the Algonquins, and in 1612, returned to Paris, with many stories of his wonderful adventures. He said that he had journeyed to the source of the Ottawa, where he had found a great lake. This he had crossed and entered a river flowing northward. Going down this river, he came to the shores of a sea, and here had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew had been killed by Indians. Champlain was in Paris when De Vignau came there with these stories, and as he knew nothing of the geography of New France, but believed, as all the other explorers did, that a passage would be found through the new continent to the sea on the other side, he readily credited the young man's tales, and was eager to visit the country.

May 27, 1613, Champlain left Montreal with four Frenchmen—one of whom was Vignau—and one Indian, in two small canoes. They sailed up the Ottawa river, carrying their canoes around the rapids in the river, till they reached the country of the Algonquins, where Vignau had stayed. They went to the village of Tessouat, a famous chief, who received them very kindly. But when Champlain asked for four canoes and eight men, to visit the country of the Nipissings, a tribe of Indians to the northward, great objections were made. The Algonquins were not friends with the Nipissings, and they told Champlain that he never could get to the country because of the rough roads,

and the rapids in the river. Besides, the Nipissings were a wicked people, and would kill the white men with charms and poisons.

"We are afraid of losing our white chief," they said, "if we let you go to the land of these bad Indians."

"But," said Champlain, "this young man has been to the Nipissing country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you say."

The Indian chief turned to Vignau, whom he knew well. "Nicholas," he said, "did you say you had been to the land of the Nipissings?"

Vignau sat still. Then he said, "Yes, I have been there."

"You are a liar," said the Indian. "You know you slept among my children every night, and got up with them in the morning, and if you went to the Nipissing country, it must have been when you were asleep. How could you lie to your chief, and bring him into such perils? You ought to be killed."

The young man would not answer at first, but the Indians made such a great outcry that Champlain insisted on knowing the truth, and at last Vignau confessed that all his stories of an exploration of the country to the north were false. Champlain then returned, very much disappointed, to Montreal. He did not punish the young man



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

who had deceived him so, but told him to go away, where he (Champlain) could never see him again.

Champlain, on his next visit to Paris, found some good monks whom he induced to come back to New France with him and preach the gospel to the Indians. With their help he founded a college in Quebec for the education of the red men. From this time he made Quebec his home, and died there on Christmas day, 1635, and was buried there. Champlain was one of the best and greatest of the New World pioneers. No man did more than he for the development of the French colonies.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN HIND.

1572—1580.



T WAS not to be expected that England, whose people were one of the most active and advenitious races of the world, could quietly see other nations of Europe taking possession of all the great, new country that had been lately discovered. They held back for a number of years, as I told you, because they did not want to oppose a decree of the pope—who had divided the new lands between Spain and Portugal,—and because they did not want to run the risk of a war with either of these countries. Both Spain and Portugal were very powerful on the sea in the sixteenth century, that is, they had many ships and sailors, very many more than England had,—but England's turn to be a great power was coming.

There were two reasons why the importance and strength of England began to increase in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the first place, the king, Henry VIII, had a quarrel with the pope. This quarrel was no credit to the king, but one of its results was that he no longer troubled himself to respect the division which the pope had made of the lands of the New World. But at the same time, being afraid that the pope would punish him by sending the Spaniards or some others to make war on him, this king began to fortify the English coast, and build large ships for the English navy. In the second place, the religious wars had driven a great many of the artisans of Europe to England, and that country, which previous to that time had been an agricultural country almost altogether, began to take part in manufactures, and of course it wanted ships to take the cloth and other goods made there, to other countries to sell, for on its little island there was not market enough for all these goods. At that time England began to be a great trading country,

and has been such ever since. So the English people built many ships, and the more they sailed over the seas the more adventurous they became, and the more eager to engage in all kinds of trade. One very bad trade the English began to take part in about this time, and that was the slave trade, taking poor negroes from Africa, and selling them as slaves in various countries. The Spaniards who had taken possession of the West India islands, Mexico and South America, were not at all inclined to take hold of the work of tilling the ground for food, or working the mines they found for gold and silver. But as they must have food and they would have gold, they forced the Indians to do the work. And when the Indians perished under the burden of these terrible labors, then they brought in negroes to work for them. They were just as cruel to the negroes as they had been to the Indians, but the negroes were stronger and could endure much more than the Indians could.

Whenever men see others getting rich in any way, no matter how wicked the way is, they want to try it too, so as to get a share of the gains. And if they find profit in it, they always find some way of smoothing over the wickedness, so that their consciences will not trouble them for continuing to secure the gain. So, if any kind-hearted people said that it was cruel and very wrong to steal the poor negroes from their country, and take them to a strange land and sell them like beasts, others, who looked only at the money that could be made that way, said that it was perfectly right, for the savages might learn Christianity if they were slaves in Christian lands, while if they were left in their own land they would always be heathen! This foolish argument, which was an insult to the true spirit of Christianity, would not, we are sure, have been listened to by good men, if the fact of the gain in the slave trade had not blinded their eyes to its true wicked nature. This is such a good plan for the white man, they thought, that it must be in some way good for the black man! And for two hundred years and more this foolish talk was believed in by men who were really sensible, wise and good.

Among the most noted of English captains who owned slave ships and brought negroes from Africa to America, was one named John Hawkins. He made much money and became very rich, and Queen Elizabeth, who was then on the English throne, gave him the

title of Sir John Hawkins. With him on several of his voyages there went a dashing young fellow named Francis Drake. This young man, seeing so many Spanish ships going from the New World to Spain, and being told that many of these ships were loaded with gold and silver, made up his mind that he would have some of their treasures, if he was strong enough to take it. England and Spain were not at war then, but the English hated the Spaniards bitterly. Besides, they said, the Spanish are all robbers, and it is no sin to take from them what they have stolen.

So Drake sailed in 1572 with two ships, and it was his plan to capture the port of Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Darien, where the silver and gold taken from the Indians in Mexico and Peru were brought to be loaded on strong vessels, called galleons, and carried to Spain. The Spanish had found out that he was coming and they had all their big guns out and managed to drive the English vessels off. But Drake went on south and took several treasure ships, plundered their wealth and then landed to explore the country. He went a long distance inland and then climbed a high mountain, from which, the Indians told him, he could see the great western sea. He saw it, spread out before him, in measureless expanse, the great ocean that Balboa had discovered sixty years before, down which Pizarro had sailed to plunder Peru, and across which Magellan had guided his small vessels. He saw some ships upon it, here and there near the coast, all carrying the Spanish flag. And he made a mighty vow, as he gazed, that he would carry the flag of England on those wide waters.

Then Drake went home and told his wonderful story, and in 1577 he had an expedition ready, consisting of five ships, and 164 men, with which he started out to explore the great western ocean. If he could get nothing from the countries he found, he thought, he was sure of good profits by robbing the vessels of the Spanish and Portuguese. He sailed toward Brazil, followed the coast to



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

the wide mouth of the Rio de la Plata, then passed along the shores of Patagonia where Magellan's sailors had seen men with such big feet. The ships passed safely through the rough waters of the Straits of Magellan, but when they were through they met a terrible storm which nearly ended the voyage and the story of the bold Drake. This carried their vessels far to the south again. They saw the great southern sea of ice, the Antarctic Ocean, and were the first European voyagers to see the southernmost point of the land of America. One of the ships was lost in this storm and the others were widely scattered. One vessel went back to England, its captain being discouraged, but Drake was not to be turned aside from his great ambition by so small a thing as a storm. He was on one of the larger vessels of the fleet, the *Golden Hind*. After the storm had passed he cruised northward along the coast, on the lookout for Spanish vessels. In Callao, the port of the city of Lima, there was a whole fleet of merchant ships, and Drake plundered seventeen of them, getting almost more treasure than his one ship could carry. The Spanish vessels apparently did not carry guns, or we doubt whether they could have been robbed so easily.

Drake's plan was to sail up to the northernmost point of America and go home by the northwest passage. Like all others of that time, he was very certain that the western continent had a navigable waterway around it by the north as well as by the south. However, he did not go far enough to find out his mistake. He sailed along the coast of California, which he did not know to be a country of gold or he would have certainly appropriated it, and then, as many of his crew were sick, and he feared to land among the savages, he set sail westward. He crossed the Pacific, touching at several groups of islands south of Asia. Then he sailed across the Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and on Sept. 26, 1580, the *Golden Hind* cast anchor safely in the port of London.

The Londoners greeted the explorer with wild enthusiasm, and courtiers eagerly brought the story of his wonderful deeds to the queen. She was at first in much perplexity. Here was a man who had been plundering the vessels of another nation in time of peace, and for his deeds the whole country might yet be dragged into a war

with Spain. The laws of the land forbade piracy and Drake had been a pirate; there was no doubt about that. But the people were all on the side of Drake, for they believed that the Spanish were fair game wherever they were found, and the queen at last concluded that the people must be right. So she made Drake a knight, and when he invited her to a grand banquet on board his ship, the *Golden Hind*, she graciously consented to go. After that the *Golden Hind* was kept in the harbor for a show, and piracy became the fashionable occupation for young men of spirit. The Spanish galleons sailed the seas in terror of the plundering Englishmen, but after a few years Spain thought she had borne such insolence long enough and prepared a great fleet that was meant to sweep the English ships from the seas. This was the Spanish Armada, which was the grandest array of vessels ever put on the sea by any power. It was sent to invade England, but was met in the English Channel by the "Queen's navee," with Drake in command. The great fleet was disabled and driven back, and a terrible storm then came up which quite destroyed it. From this time the English power increased steadily upon the sea and the Spanish power grew less. And it was not long before Englishmen had made up their minds to take possession of the New World, and have some of the gold and glory that the Spaniards had hitherto wholly claimed.

ENGLISH EXPLORERS IN THE NEW WORLD.

1579—1586.



URING the year before Francis Drake got back to England from his voyage round the world in the *Golden Hind*, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a noble and generous English gentleman, had received from Queen Elizabeth a patent or right, for starting a colony in America. You see that though at this time there were many rich people in England, there were also many who were poor, and many who were idle because, they claimed, there was nothing for them to do. And Sir Humphrey Gilbert and other good men said, "Why cannot we take some of these poor people over to the New World, where they will have a better chance to get on than they have here, and where they can have homes without paying so much for them?" So Sir Humphrey fitted out a ship and got together a colony to go with him, and he took also a gallant young man, his half-brother, whose name was Walter Raleigh. Raleigh, when but seventeen years old, had gone to France to fight in aid of the Huguenots, and then he had gone to help the people of the Netherlands, who were fighting against a tyrannous government that the king of Spain was trying to force upon them. He was a gallant young man, fearless and fond of adventure, and quite ready to take part in his brother's plans. This plan was not successful, however, for of the two vessels, one was lost in a storm, and the other was attacked by a Spanish cruiser. There was no war between Spain and England, oh, no! but the Spaniards were trying to get even for some of Francis Drake's performances.

Sir Humphrey had put so much money in this expedition that it was some years before he was able to fit out another. In the meantime the restless young Raleigh enlisted as an officer in the troops that were sent to put down a rebellion in Ireland. After

he came back he chanced to have a fine opportunity to secure royal favor. The queen was one day out for a walk in the royal park, when she came to a wide, miry place in the path, for there had been recent heavy rains. The courtiers in attendance did not see any way to bridge over the dreadful spot but instantly there stepped from the crowd of bystanders a handsome youth, who threw over the mire a fine, velvet cloak from his own shoulders so that the queen could pass over dry-shod. When she had crossed, she called the young man to her side, and offered to pay for his ruined finery. With a low bow he said that all he asked was permission to keep the cloak which her majesty had deigned to step on.

"What is your name?" asked the queen. "Walter Raleigh, most gracious lady," was the answer, and the royal party passed on; but the queen saw in the gallant young man the promise of a noble courtier and the next day Raleigh was made one of the guards of the royal household.

Raleigh used the influence he had obtained with the queen to accomplish his most cherished desire, which was to take a colony to the New World. Drake had now come back, and the story of his exploits was a strong stimulus to young men to try for like adventures. Raleigh was too honorable to want to go into the pirate business as Drake had done. But he pressed upon the queen the fact that the colonization of the New World by Englishmen would extend England's trade, even if they did not find any gold mines. And then they might find gold, for Drake had brought back with him the story of an El Dorado in the northern country as rich as the Peru which had been conquered by the Spaniards.

In 1583 the queen granted another patent to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, giving him authority to "inhabit and fortify all land in America, not yet taken by Christian nations." He gathered a colony, most of them being poor people out of work. He sailed with five ships which all reached Newfoundland safely, but finding it too cold and foggy to live in, they set sail in search of warmer lands. But they were overtaken in a storm, and all the ships but one were lost. Sir Humphrey's ship, the *Squirrel*, went down with all on board. The last that the friends of this good and noble man, on the other vessels, heard of him, was his voice calling to them through the

gathering storm,—“Do not fear, we are as near heaven by sea as by land.”

Sir Walter Raleigh had intended to go with Gilbert, but an accident had prevented him. However, he was not held back by the sad fate of his brother from attempting a similar expedition himself. The queen had given him a section of land one hundred miles square on which he might plant a colony, and be its lord proprietor. Raleigh then fitted out two ships at his own expense, and taking such people as were willing to seek their fortune in the new country, he put the whole expedition in the hands of two captains—Amidas and Barlowe. It took these people a long time to reach the new land, as they sailed by the Canary Islands and the West Indies, and it was July when they reached America although they started in April. They stopped at the coast on Roanoke Island and after sailing about in Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds for a few days they all went home, none being brave enough to stay so far away. They were pleased with the land which they had visited, and told so much of its beauty that Sir Walter Raleigh named it Virginia, so that every one would remember that it was discovered in the reign of the Virgin Queen.

Raleigh was disappointed that no one had stayed to start the new colony, but the people were so pleased with what the first voyagers told of the western land that it was now easier to persuade them to go, and the next year a much larger number set sail under Sir Richard Grenville. These also landed on Roanoke Island, where they were kindly received by the native Indians, and Sir Richard Grenville, after doing what he could to provide the people with suitable shelter, returned to England for provisions.

After the ships were gone the people grew very lonely. They did not work but spent the time exploring and hunting for gold. They were not kind to the Indians and tried to make sure of their own safety by being so cruel as to frighten the savages. This was not easy to do, as the more cruelties the white man practiced the more warlike the Indians became.

The colonists were growing frightened and homesick, when Sir Francis Drake on his way home from a pirate trip to the West Indies stopped to see how Raleigh's colony was prospering. The people

begged so hard to be taken home that although Drake told them that he and his sailors would build a fort for their safety and leave them plenty of provisions, they insisted that he must take them away, and so Raleigh's second colony failed.

The returned colonists brought to Sir Walter many of the products of the country, and among other things some tobacco which they told him the Indians burned in pipes, drawing the smoke through their mouths. It is probable that Raleigh had seen tobacco before, and he now proceeded to use it. As he sat in his room drawing the smoke into his mouth and breathing it out, a servant came in with a pitcher of water. The man had never seen any one smoke before, and for a moment he stood still much astonished, and then dashing the contents of the pitcher into his master's face he darted down to the kitchen, crying that his master was on fire and the smoke pouring out of his mouth and nose.

There is another good story told of Raleigh's tobacco pipe. One day he laid a

wager with the queen that he could weigh the smoke that came from his pipe. The queen laughed at the idea. Then Sir Walter weighed a small quantity of tobacco and put it into his pipe. When it had all been burned out he weighed the ashes left in the bowl of the pipe, and told the queen that the difference between the weight of the ashes and the weight of the tobacco was the weight of the smoke. The queen paid him his wager good naturedly, saying that she had heard of alchemists who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first man who had been able to turn smoke into gold.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS PIPE.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE.

1587—1618.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH was not discouraged at the failure of his colonies. The queen had made him a knight, and had extended his grant largely. So he prepared another expedition, and this time decided to send out families, thinking they would be more likely to stay contentedly. This expedition was in charge of Captain John White, and consisted mainly of farmers and mechanics and their wives.

After Drake had brought Raleigh's second colony away from Roanoke Island, Sir Robert Grenville reached there with supplies and more colonists. Finding no one there, he strengthened the fort on the island, and left fifteen men to hold possession of England's territory. How do you suppose these poor men felt, left alone in the wilderness thus with savages? You may guess how they felt, for no one knows, as none of them were ever seen or heard of again.

When the third colony came out under John White as governor, the first thing that they did was to look for these men. But no trace of them could be found except a few whitened bones. It is probable that the Indians killed them in revenge for the cruelties that had been previously committed by the white men. The colonists then established themselves on the island and built houses and fortifications. Raleigh had advised them to be kind to the Indians, and so when one of the chiefs came to visit them they made him a knight, and gave him the title of Lord of Roanoke. It seems strange enough that the colonists should have fancied that giving an Indian a large title would make him any the less a savage.

For a while all went well with the colony. They spent their time in making their houses ready for the coming winter. They really hoped to be contented and happy in their new homes. On the 18th

of August, 1587, a little baby girl came to them, the first white child of English parents born in the New World. Her mother was Mrs. Dare, a daughter of the governor, John White, and she was named Virginia, after the land to which she had come.

Two weeks after the little baby came, its grandfather, Governor White, sailed for England again. The colonists begged him to go to bring them supplies, for they thought that if their crops should not be good, they would be out of food before the winter was over. So he went back, intending to get some supplies as quick as he could, and set sail on his return journey in a few weeks.

One of the hardest things to see and bear in life, is the way in which the good and wise plans of men are overturned by circumstances which they cannot control. When Captain White got back to England he found everybody in a state of terror over a threatened Spanish invasion. Just about the time the colonists' ships had sailed away, Sir Francis Drake had entered the harbor at Cadiz, Spain, and had sunk, burned or captured all the shipping there. He said that he "had singed the Spanish king's beard," and he thought that ruler would not try to take revenge, but he was mistaken. King Philip immediately put all his great wealth into the fitting out of the great fleet that was intended to destroy the English navy, and to carry an army large enough to invade and plunder England itself.

You know that they did not succeed, that with the help of a storm, Drake and other bold English captains scattered and destroyed the entire fleet. This was in July, 1588. The war still went on, and poor Captain White was distracted with anxiety about his little grandchild, his daughter and the other colonists. But Raleigh did not forget the needs of these poor people, and in a few months had a small vessel fitted out with supplies and ready to start, but before it sailed the government seized it,— saying that all the ships and supplies belonged to the army in time of danger,—and sent it off to the aid of Sir Francis Drake who was plundering in Spanish waters again. Raleigh and White were angry enough, but there was no help in the case. So they fitted out another ship as soon as they could and started it on its way to the colony. But the captain of this vessel was a selfish, heartless man, and as soon as he was out of sight of

land, he turned his vessel to the south and went on a pirate expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

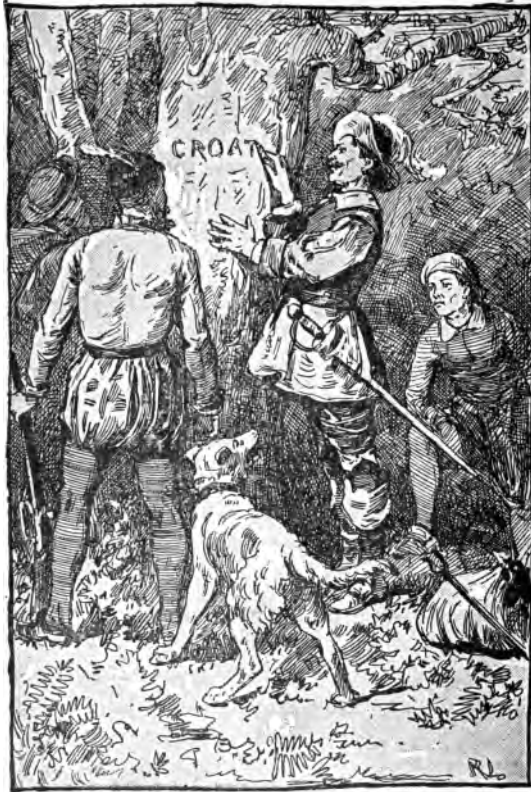
Alas for the poor colonists! Captain White, hearing nothing from the second vessel, could not rest until he was able to go out himself, with a ship of supplies. It was the spring of 1590 before he was actually on his way back to America again. We may imagine, if we can, the feelings of this good old man as he sailed over the sea, the anxious longing, the mingled hope and fear, that filled his heart. His vessel caught sight of the shore of Roanoke Island just as night was falling. As they steered cautiously into the harbor where they had anchored before, they saw a point of light among the trees. The hope of happy meetings with old and dear friends filled him and his men with delight. But when they made their way ashore in a small boat, they looked about, they called aloud, they blew the shrill notes of a trumpet, in vain. When day came they explored the entire island, but found no one there, though traces of the lost colonists were to be found in torn books, goods of various kinds, and the word CROATAN carved on the bark of a large tree.

What did this mean? Captain White thought that he knew. When he left the colonists he told them that should it seem necessary for them to go away, they must carve on a door-post or tree the name of the place to which they had gone. He told them too, that should they leave in distress or need, they must carve a cross beside this name. The name was there without the cross. This gave the anxious father hope, and he set sail again for the island known as Croatan. No trace of the colonists were found there, and the ship's crew then went to the mainland and spent some time in search, and in endeavoring to learn from the Indians something about the missing people. But it was all in vain, and to this day nothing is known of the fate of the lost colony of Roanoke.

Sir Walter sent several vessels in search of the lost colonists but it was of no use. This brave man had now spent large sums of money for which he had received nothing in return, and was obliged to give up his colonization plans. About this time he married one of the queen's maids of honor, and by so doing made the queen, who was an exceedingly unreasonable woman, very angry, and lost his place at court. But by 1594, he had managed to get up an exploring

expedition to South America in search of gold. He visited Guiana, and when he came back, published such a glowing description of the country, that he had quite won back the favor of the queen again.

He was preparing for still another exploring journey of the same kind, when the queen died. The king who then came to the throne, James I, seemed always to be thinking that some one was plotting to take the throne away from him, and for some reason his suspicion fell on Raleigh, who was therefore put in a great prison called "The Tower." Soon after this he was tried, but there was not much justice in the trial though Raleigh tried hard for his release. Being a very eloquent man he pleaded his own case, and it is said



THE COLONISTS PREPARING TO LEAVE THE ISLAND.

that he spoke all day from early in the morning until late at night, so that many who came as enemies went away friends; but it was of no use, he was condemned to die on the scaffold. For some reason the execution was delayed, perhaps through the friendship of young prince Henry, who was very fond of the brave courtier,

The imprisonment lasted many long years, and Raleigh spent the time writing a history of the world, which he dedicated to the prince who befriended him. At the end of twelve years, Raleigh, who had been a great sea rover in his day and had heard many stories of hidden gold mines, proposed to the king to bring a cargo of gold for his release. After a long time, the king finally consented, and, giving securities for his return, Sir Walter paid for his own ships and set sail. This was a very unfortunate expedition, for Raleigh not only failed to find gold but fell into a quarrel with his old enemies, the Spaniards, who denounced him to King James as a pirate. So instead of gaining liberty and honor, he was thrust back into prison with vile reproaches, and condemned to die under his old sentence passed fifteen years before.

He met his death like the brave man that he was, asking that he might be executed early in the morning, for he had the ague and if he waited till the chill came on, his enemies might say that he trembled for fear. His request was granted and in the morning the great courtier laid his gray head upon the block. He took the axe in his hand as he did so, and felt its keen edge, saying—" 'Tis a sharp medicine but 'twill cure all ills." Then closing his eyes he moved his lips in prayer, when the axe fell and Raleigh's troubles were ended.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

1606—1608.



ON THE coast of Lincolnshire, Eng., in about the middle of the sixteenth century, there was born a boy who received the name of John Smith. Not a very remarkable name, but he was a remarkable boy, being strong, active and enterprising beyond his years, so that while yet a child he was apprenticed to a merchant of the town.

It was very good work but the boy could not content himself between four walls nor yet within the limits of the small town, so at the age of fourteen he ran away to join the wars in Holland. After four years of service, it is said that he built a hut for himself in the woods, where he lived alone for a year studying military tactics. He then set out for the East where the Christians were fighting against the Turks.

As he was passing through France, the young adventurer lost his purse and was obliged to beg to keep himself from starvation, but he reached the south of France in safety and there embarked on a vessel bound for Italy. When this ship was well out at sea, a violent storm arose so that they were nearly wrecked, and the sailors, being very superstitious, thought that they were troubled because of the stranger who was not of their religion, and to save the vessel Smith was cast overboard to swim ashore as best he might. Just on what coast he landed we are not sure, but he next made his way to Austria and set out under the flag of that country to fight the Turks.

Smith was always daring and adventurous and soon won for himself a great name in the following manner. One day before the two armies had met, a Turkish officer, for the amusement of the ladies of the camp, offered to fight single handed with any officer of the Austrian army. For answer Smith rode into the list. They fought on

horseback and after one or two encounters the Englishman unhorsed his enemy, and soon carried off his head upon a spear, after the barbarous custom in that country. A friend of the first Turk rode out to avenge his comrade's death and he too lost his head. Then Smith, being twice victorious, came forward with a great show of politeness and said that if the Turkish ladies wanted any more amusement he would be glad to furnish it if any one else would come to meet him. In a short time another Turk rode forward. It may have been that Smith was tired now for in the first encounter he was thrown from his horse and all his friends thought him dead, but he was up the next moment and fought so gallantly that the third head was soon on his lance, and after this the Turkish ladies did not ask for any more such entertainment.

In one of the great battles that followed, Captain Smith was taken prisoner and, as was the custom among the Turks, he became the slave of his captor. There was a heavy iron ring put around his neck and he was made to do the work about the house. He soon pleased his mistress so much with his gentleness and bravery that she, hoping to receive kindly treatment for him, sent him to her brother in a distant town.

But the new master was worse than the old and treated Smith with such bitter cruelty that the slave killed the master to save his own life. Then, as the discovery of the deed meant certain death, Smith dressed himself in the dead man's clothes and, passing for a Turk, made his way to the border of Russia.

Once again in a Christian country, the young Englishman felt himself safe and traveled at his ease through Germany, France and Spain, from which latter country he made his way to London where the fame of his brave deeds had gone before him. He reached England just after the London Company had been formed to trade and make settlements in Virginia. They were now preparing to send out a large colony, and thinking Smith's bravery and love of adventure would be of great use in a new country they asked him to go along. He was quite ready to go as he was always ready for a new adventure, and in December, 1606, he sailed with the colony from the coast of England.

There was some trouble on the voyage. The king had arranged

that the colony should be governed by twelve councilmen, but had placed the names of these men in a sealed envelope which was not to be opened until the vessels reached Virginia. So there was considerable quarrelling as to which was the greatest, and many, becoming jealous of the fame of Captain Smith, said that he was planning to kill all the members of the council and make himself governor of the colony. Some pretended to believe this story and to fear for their lives, so Smith was put in irons and kept so until they reached the land.

The land which the people first saw was two capes, to which they gave the names Cape Charles and Cape Henry after the two sons of King James. They then sailed up a broad and beautiful river which we call the James River even yet, after the king who had sent these vessels across the ocean. A short distance up the river the people landed and prepared to build a village, which they called



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Jamestown in honor of their sovereign. Here they opened their papers from the king and finding Smith was one of the councilmen they dared no longer keep him in irons. The councilmen would not let him sit in their meetings at first, but Smith demanded a trial for that of which they accused him, and when they found that nothing could be proved they could no longer keep him from the council, but no one would listen to his advice.

The colony was not one that would succeed in a new country, for there were forty-eight gentlemen who had come thinking to pick up gold on the sands, and only twelve men who were willing to work. Smith's advice was that they should set out their gardens in the spring and then if they wanted gold they might seek it afterwards.

But, as I said before, they would not listen to him, spending their time grubbing around the tree trunks and digging in the sand, so that even the Indians laughed to see white men spend the time of growth in digging for gold which could give them neither food, clothes or shelter when the hard winter came on.

When Smith found no one would aid him in his plans he set out with Newport and several others to explore the country. This took several weeks and at the end of that time Newport set sail for England, promising to return the following year with food and men. The colonists had a dreary time after the ships were gone. They were very lonely and so many of their number were taken sick that at one time there were but five men to guard the colony.

Smith was still ignored in the colony, but after two of the presidents had tried to steal their provisions and run away in their only boat, the people began to wonder if Captain Smith was as bad as his fellows said. So when the council had come down to only two men, Smith and Martin, and Martin elected Smith to be president of the colony, no one made any objections.

Soon after Smith became president, great changes were made in the colony. It was too late to raise corn for the coming winter, but at least houses could be built for shelter, and the energetic captain at once undertook to show the fine gentlemen how to chop wood. They did not like it, but a new law was passed which said that he who will not work shall not eat, and that kept every one pretty busy. Then, to prevent cursing or evil speech, any one who offended in this way had a cup of cold water poured down his sleeve at night.

As soon as the houses were finished and a fortification built for protection against the Indians, Smith set his people to work on a storehouse and then started out to buy from the Indians enough food to fill it. It was very dangerous to go in among the savage tribes with no knowledge of their language, but the captain undertook it with only five men. Sailing up the James River he went into the first village and made signs that he would like to buy corn in exchange for hatchets and beads. The Indians knew the starving condition of the white people, and undertook to drive a hard bargain by offering to trade a piece of bread for Smith's sword and musket.

Smith saw that they were mocking him and signed to his men to

fire off their guns. Frightened at the noise, the Indians ran yelling into the woods and Smith and his men went into the village and mounted guard over the stores of corn. Soon the Indians came back, headed by one who carried in his arms a painted idol. The Englishmen fired again, driving the Indians back and capturing the idol. The savages were now much frightened and seemed ready to do anything if Smith would give up the little wooden image. But the captain placed his musket on it and signed that his boat must be filled with corn. When this was done he gave back the idol, paid for the corn with hatchets and beads, and sailed down the river leaving the Indians satisfied and friendly.

After this other Indians began to bring provisions to the village and before winter the store house was well filled. As soon as cold weather came on so that no more work could be done, Smith set out with a few Englishmen and two Indian guides to explore the country. They sailed up the Chickahominy River, for many thought this led to the Pacific Ocean, and Smith let his men think so as it made them more willing to follow him. But this expedition was the most unfortunate that the governor of Jamestown had ever undertaken.

THE STORY OF THE LADY REBECCA.

1608—1631.



APTAIN SMITH'S journey up the Chickahominy had strange and important consequences as you will learn.

After he had gone a long distance up the river, Smith went ashore with his Indian guide and told the other two Englishmen to stay by the canoe with the other guide, and "boyle the pott" for supper. He had not gone very far when he heard loud cries from the direction of the canoe, and soon all was still. He rightly judged that the men he had left behind had been attacked and killed. He immediately took a string and tied the Indian with him fast to his arm, for he knew that he would be attacked also. Suddenly an arrow came whizzing out of the bushes, striking Smith in the thigh. Holding his guide before him as a shield, the brave explorer began to walk backward toward the boat, firing his pistol whenever he saw an Indian. As he could not thus see where he was going he got into a quagmire where he and his guide sank up to their waists. Escape was, of course, now impossible. Smith therefore surrendered, and the Indians pulled them out of the mud, built a fire, warmed and dried him, and took him before their king, Opechanacough, a brother of the great Powhatan. The Englishmen had heard of the latter king, who by his valor had conquered all the surrounding tribes, and really was a very remarkable man for a savage. Smith saw from the angry faces of the Indians that they wanted to kill him, so he took out a pocket compass and began to explain it to them, to distract their attention. Opechanacough was so much interested that he decided to send the captive to Powhatan. Arrived at the royal village, Smith was put under guard, in one of the wigwams, and food was brought to him. Indeed, so much more bread and venison was put before him every

day, than he could eat, that it quite spoiled his appetite, for he thought that they were fattening him to kill and eat him. He saw that they were preparing for some great movement which, he rightly conjectured, was an attack upon Jamestown. He therefore asked for a messenger to send to the white men. One came forward, and Smith wrote a message to the governor, on a piece of bark, telling him that he, Smith, was safe, and bidding him treat the messengers well, but to frighten them with the cannon and to send back some trinkets by them. When the savages found that Smith could make a piece of wood speak they were more amazed than at the compass, and thought he must be a magician. But the king, Powhatan, having had several interviews with the stranger, decided that his magic was dangerous to the Indian and it would be the safest plan to kill him.

King Powhatan had a favorite daughter, a sprightly, affectionate child of twelve years old, called Pocahontas. There is no doubt that there was a Pocahontas, though those historians who are always finding excuses to doubt what up to their time has been accepted history, now tell us that Smith's story about Pocahontas is false.

There is no way of settling these questions now. Smith said that the Indians bound him and laid his head on a stone preparatory to beating his brains out with their clubs. But at that moment Pocahontas rushed up and put her arms about the captive's neck, and laid her head upon his to save him. Powhatan, therefore, ordered the captive to be unbound and led away under guard. It is a pretty story and we may believe it if we choose, in spite of the critical historians. Smith was kept in captivity for seven weeks, and spent his time making toys for Pocahontas and the other Indian children. Then Powhatan agreed to set him free in



POCAHONTAS.

exchange for two cannons and a grindstone. Smith was very glad to get his freedom on any terms, and returned to Jamestown in company with a number of warriors who were to take back the articles of exchange.

On reaching the village, Smith treated the Indians very kindly and before they left offered to show them how to load the cannon. It was a bitter day in winter and the trees were heavy with icicles. Ordering his men to load the cannon with stone up to their very muzzles, the captain fired them into the tops of the icy trees. The roar of the cannon, together with the horrible rattle of the stones and icicles, was too much for the Indians; they could not be induced to touch the great guns, but went home empty handed with wonderful stories of the power of the white man.

Smith's shrewdness was of great use to the colonists. Through him the schemes which the wily Powhatan formed were detected and thwarted. The chief was very anxious to get possession of the guns and swords of the white men, and Newport was foolish enough to let him have some in exchange for corn; Smith, however, managed to get part of them back again, and he did his best to teach the colonists to be cautious in dealing with the Indians, to be truthful and kind but always firm and prudent. His teachings, however, had but little effect.

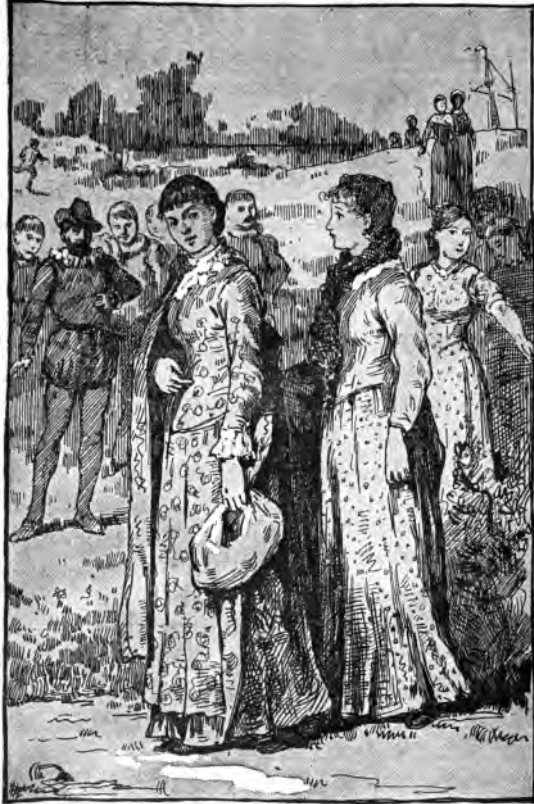
Pocahontas always remained a good friend to the white men. Once when she heard that they were starving, she herself with some messengers brought them supplies. At another time, when the Indians had formed a plot to attack the white settlement, she came alone during the night, through the woods, to warn Smith of the danger, though she knew that she would be killed if her people should find out what she had done.

In 1609 Captain Smith was badly injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and went back to England and did not return. The lazy colonists were glad to have him go for he was always trying to keep them at work, but the industrious ones regretted his departure, as he was the best governor they had ever had. As soon as he was gone there was trouble with the Indians again. The people who had been too idle to raise grain, tried in vain to buy it from the savages, and all were reduced to terrible suffering through starvation. But for the arrival of help from England all would have died.

In 1613 one of the colonists captured Pocahontas and brought her to the colony. While she was there, a worthy Englishman, Mr. John Rolfe, fell in love with her, and taught her the doctrines of Christianity. Then she was baptized by the name of Rebecca, and in April, 1614, was married to Rolfe. This wedding secured the lasting friendship of the powerful chief Powhatan, and for a long time there was no trouble with the Indians.

In 1616 Rolfe and his wife went to England. The Lady Rebecca, as the dusky beauty was called, attracted much attention at first, and was duly presented at court. The young couple nearly got into trouble, however, for King James took it into his foolish head

that Mr. Rolfe, a private gentleman, had committed high treason by marrying a princess. He imagined that Rolfe intended to claim Virginia as his wife's heritage, and set aside the claims of the English king. His courtiers had considerable difficulty in showing him how unfounded this notion was. It was not long, however, before he was



COLONISTS CHOOSING WIVES.

freed from this anxiety, for the poor Lady Rebecca died just as she was preparing to return to Virginia.

The settlers of Jamestown did not come over in families as the early settlers of New England did, and that is one great reason why for the first ten years there was so much discontent in the colony, and so little effort was made to effect an enduring settlement. It was not until about 1615 that the colonists gave up the useless search for gold and began cultivating the soil. They began to plant tobacco, for the habit of indulging in this hitherto unknown weed spread very rapidly in England and Europe, and the first lot sent over sold rapidly at high prices. The company which had started the colony now saw an opportunity to get back some of the money that had been put into the enterprise, and to induce the colonists to stay out there and keep raising tobacco, they made arrangements to send out young women to be wives to the young men of the colony. You might think that this plan would not work well, but it seemed to. Both the young men and young women were allowed to choose their partners freely, and every young man who was thus suited, bound himself to send the company enough tobacco—one hundred and fifty pounds—to pay the cost of his wife's passage over. After this, the new settlers in Virginia became quite contented with their new homes, and there was no longer any doubt that the English would retain their hold in the new country.

But what became of Captain John Smith? Though he did not go back to Jamestown he did not lose his love for adventure. He went on a fur trading expedition in 1614. Besides getting a good cargo of furs and fish he explored the whole coast from Nova Scotia to Cape Cod, and made a map of it, which map he called New England. Thus this name was given to a part of the New World, which still retains it. Smith then made two attempts to take out a small colony to that country, but both were unsuccessful. Then he laid his plans for taking out a large colony and secured the promise of the title of Admiral of New England, when something occurred which robbed him of the glory of being the guardian protector of the northern colony as he had been of that of Jamestown. The rest of his life was passed in retirement, and in writing out his adventures. He died in 1631.

THE VOYAGES OF HENRY HUDSON.

1607—1611.



YOU have heard the name of Henry Hudson, have you not? and you know that Hudson Bay and Strait, and the Hudson River, are called after him because he was the first white man to discover them. But do you know anything more of this brave explorer than his name? have you ever read anything about his daring voyages, and of the sad fate which at last befell him, after all his heroic deeds? As I am pretty sure this will be quite a new story to you, I will tell you all about it.

Among the many brave and adventurous spirits that helped in exploring the new world, there were few more daring than Henry Hudson. Heinrich Hudson, the Dutch historians call him, for as a discoverer he is claimed by both the English and the Dutch, as he served in the employ of both governments.

So little is known of the early life of Hudson, that there is some doubt in what country he was born, but it is most probable that he was a native of England. When he first appears on the pages of history he was living in London, was married and had one son, perhaps other children. He was an intimate friend of John Smith, and about the same time that Smith was struggling with the idle colonists of Virginia, and trying to save them from starving to death through their own shiftlessness, Hudson was fighting his way through the ice fields of the north. How Hudson gained his skill as a navigator is not known, but possibly he may have sailed in some of the voyages of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Hudson made two voyages, at the expense of a company of London merchants, in search of a northern passage to the East Indies. The first was in 1607, and was by way of Greenland; the second in 1608 by the north of Asia. From both the voyagers were

obliged to return, having found nothing but ice-bergs and terrible north winds and storms. Hudson could find but ten men willing to brave the dangers of the northern seas the first time and but thirteen the second. In each voyage he had with him his little son, who was only eleven years old when he began to take part in his father's perilous voyages. On his second voyage Hudson took with him, as mate, a man named Robert Juet. This man Hudson wished to aid, because he had more education than most sailors. You shall learn how Juet requited the captain's kindness.

There are some people who seem to be more determined by every failure, to carry out their plans. Hudson was one of this kind, and the fact that he had made two unsuccessful voyages, one in search of a northwest and the other in search of a northeast passage, only made him more anxious than ever to try another voyage for a similar purpose. But the merchants of London who had advanced most of the cost of these voyages, were very much discouraged, and did not want to make any more such attempts. Hudson, however, was now known as a bold navigator, and the Dutch East India Company offered to fit out another expedition if he would take charge of it. They gave him command of a small vessel called the *Half Moon*, with a crew of twenty men, Dutch and English. Robert Juet, who was mate on the last voyage, shipped with this crew. It left Amsterdam in March, 1609, with the object of pushing through to China by the northeast passage. But after sailing around the coast of Norway, and fighting for more than a fortnight with headwinds, continual fogs and ice, Hudson thought he would try the northwest. So he turned his vessel about and sailed westward, and in July, 1609, cast anchor on the coast of Newfoundland. Here he stayed long enough to catch a good cargo of fish, and as the sailors were in no humor to go northward into the region of ice-bergs again, he cruised along the coast to the south, and soon entered a large bay at the mouth of a river. This was Penobscot Bay, on the coast of the present state of Maine.

I am sorry to have to tell you of a very wicked thing done by the voyagers, while they were at this place. There is no reason to believe that it was done by Hudson's wish, but for some reason he did not prevent it. The natives here were friendly and came to visit

the ship, and to bargain with the voyagers. They had a large village of wigwams near the shore. When the white men had got all the provisions and fine furs that they wanted from the Indians, twelve of them went on shore with muskets and drove the poor natives from their villages, killing a number of them and robbing them of all that the white men could carry to the ships. Then they set sail immediately, as well they might, before the Indians could make any attempt to punish them for their dastardly act.

Captain John Smith had told Hudson that south of Virginia there was a passage to the Western Ocean. Captain Smith had never proved this, but he was as sure of it as if he had, and Hudson quite believed him. So this captain gave his men the choice of going to China by the southern passage, or pushing through the northwest again. You see he was as sure of this northwest passage as he was of the other, though he had no real evidence of the existence of either way. The sailors of course voted to go south, for they knew that whatever difficulties they met there, they would not be blocked up in the ice.



FISHING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

So Hudson sailed to the south. He went ashore on Cape Cod, where he found "goodly grapes and rose trees," but the grapes were not ripe. Then his sailors went by Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and continued south until they reached the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. They might have gone up the James river and had the pleasure of seeing Captain Smith and other Englishmen. But the weather was stormy at that time, and Hudson did not try to steer the *Half Moon* into the mouth of the river. He went south from there about a hundred miles, and then making up his mind that Captain Smith's story of an open passage to the Western Ocean,

south of Virginia, was not founded on knowledge, he turned the prow of his ship and came northward again. He discovered Delaware Bay and explored its shores, but did not land. Going north, he found another bay, into which a wide and beautiful river flowed. Perhaps he fancied that he had found his long-desired passage at last, but he soon found his mistake. This bay was one which afterward received the name of New York Bay, and the river has ever since borne the name of this brave explorer. Hudson went up the river about a hundred and fifty miles, as far as the present city of Albany, and he sent men in boats to explore the stream farther. He found that the river up to this point was navigable for large vessels, and that all along its shores was a most beautiful country, well wooded, well watered, and abounding in fruits of every kind. The natives of the country were generally friendly and brought to the vessel great quantities of corn, of pumpkins, of fruits and plums, besides the skins of animals. These they very readily exchanged for beads, knives, hatchets or any other trifles that the sailors would give them. I am sorry to say that the sailors of the *Half Moon* made a very poor return for the kindness and confidence of the red men. They made the poor simple creatures drunk with brandy, and on the way down the river they got into a fight with them, and killed many of them. But Hudson cast anchor again in the beautiful bay and took possession of all the lands and waters that he had discovered in the name of the Dutch government. Then he safely crossed the Atlantic again and gave all his charts and the journal of the voyage into the hands of the Dutch Company, and the sturdy and enterprising Hollanders, before the opening of the next year, had a large number of trading vessels ready to go to the new country and traffic with the Indians. It was this discovery which gave the Dutch a foothold on the American coast, very soon after the English made their first permanent settlement in Virginia, and some years before they came over to take possession of New England.

It is said that when Hudson cast anchor in the port of Plymouth on his way back to Holland, he was detained by order of the king, and that he was obliged to send his chart and other papers to Amsterdam by a trusted messenger, understanding that the English monarch, King James, wanted to seize them. We cannot say

whether this story is true or not, but we know that the London Company which had sent Hudson out before, hearing of his success, immediately sent for him again. They wanted to fit out a vessel for him and, unfortunately, they wanted him to try again the impossible search for the northwest passage.

Hudson was a man of much generosity, and unhappily, as so often happens, his kindness was returned with base ingratitude. While preparing to start upon this voyage—which was destined to be his last—a friend brought to his notice a young man named Greene, asking him to do something for him, if he could. This youth was the son of excellent parents, had been well brought up and well educated, but had fallen in with bad companions, had become drunk and dishonest, and behaved so very wickedly that his father had ordered him never to enter his doors again. Hudson, on hearing the young man's story, generously offered to give him a place in the expedition, thinking that, by arousing his ambition and taking him away from his evil companions, he might be reformed. The company would not employ a young man of such bad character, but Hudson promised to pay his wages, and he told Greene that if he did well on the voyage, the commander would guarantee to him a good place in London on his return.

We shall learn how this young man, and another man much indebted to Captain Hudson's kindness—Robert Juet, the mate.—repaid him on this voyage.

Hudson had twenty-two men with him this time, and his young son, and leaving London in April, 1610, he went by way of Iceland to Greenland. On this coast he got into a great mass of floating icebergs, which hemmed in his ship so that he feared he would never get out. However, after much difficulty the ship was set free. The captain, who seemed to have a presentiment of great difficulties before them, now gave to his sailors the choice to go on further in the explorations, or to turn his ships about and go home. He brought out his chart and showed them that they had gone a hundred leagues farther than any Englishman had ever gone before, but, he said, he would not push on if they wished him to go back. The sailors, however, could not agree on the matter; some wanted him to return and some did not. So it was finally decided that they

should go on. On they pushed, therefore, and soon made their way into a wide strait, in which, though there was considerable floating ice, there was still enough open water to make quite a safe passage. They were nearly four weeks in getting through the strait, and then, when at last they found themselves in a broad open sea, which extended in every direction farther than their sight could reach, they thought that they had found the long desired passage at last. It makes one sad to think now, how full of delight this brave captain must have been, and how bitter must have been the disappointment that followed.

For, sailing from point to point around this bay, as the season was growing late and the supplies of the vessel growing less, and the men becoming more and more surly and mutinous every day, he was forced to acknowledge that they had found a great inland sea only and not the long desired Western Ocean. It was no use to turn back by the way they had come, they must winter in the bay. Terrible storms also came up, and in one of these they were obliged to cut away the cable of the ship, and so lost their anchor. At another time they ran upon a sunken ledge of rock, where the ship stuck fast for twelve hours, but was at last got off without being much injured. At last, on the 1st of November, they ran the ship up to the shore in one of the inlets of the bay, and in a few days they were completely frozen in.

They passed a most unhappy winter. The food supplies of the vessel were so nearly gone, that it was necessary to put the men on an allowance, and Captain Hudson offered a special reward for every beast, fish or fowl that any of the sailors could kill, to increase their stores. Notwithstanding this, the men suffered dreadfully from hunger; and the cold was excessive, so that many had frozen hands and feet. The men were surly-tempered and angry all the time, acting as though they blamed Hudson for their sufferings, and, we are told, to make the matter worse, the captain was very cruel to the men, abusing them without reason, whenever he spoke to them. But we must remember that the only account of this last voyage of Hudson, which we have, is the one written by one of the sailors, Pricket, who was an enemy of the captain and shared in the guilt of the mutiny against him. We may suppose that this man would

exaggerate every little excuse that he and the others had for their wicked conduct, and from what we know of the previous character of Hudson we know he was anything but cruel and unjust. Like all truly brave men, he was as kind as he was brave.

Well, the terrible winter was over at last, and the ice began to break up in the spring. The fish which the men now caught, relieved their sufferings to some extent. But they were still in much need, and when the captain at last had everything ready to set sail again on their homeward journey, a division of their supplies showed that there was only a pound of bread for each man remaining. Hudson gave out the small allowance and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he did so, even his enemies dared not omit to tell that. He gave to each of them, also, a bill



HENRY HUDSON.

showing what was due to them from the owners of this ship, in case he should not live to reach home. And how did these men reward Hudson's justice and kindness? A few days after this they formed a mutiny. Greene, the young man whom Hudson had taken up and helped when his own parents had cast him off, and Juet, who was indebted to the commander for a hundred favors, were at the bottom of the mutiny. They formed a most cruel plan, which was to put Hudson and his son, with all the sick men, into a boat and set them adrift. They determined to send off the ship carpenter also, who was devoted to

the captain, and could not, they knew, be induced to take part against him. This heartless scheme was carried out, early in the morning. As the captain had just come out of his cabin, three men sprang upon him from behind, knocked him down and bound him hand and foot. Then they put him in the boat with his young son, then the sick men; there were six of these, who, in spite of their cries and pleadings, were thrust into the boat. No need to bind or seize the carpenter. He cursed the men for their wicked deeds and said that he would rather go to the bottom of the sea with his master than into a safe harbor with murderers, for it was nothing but murder they were doing, and they knew it. So he took his chest with him, and a musket with powder and shot, and some meal and fish, with an iron pot, and got into the boat. Then the sailors cut the rope that held the boat, and it floated away.

Nothing was ever seen or heard of it again. It is dreadful to think what sufferings the poor men in it must have endured, before they perished of starvation, though it is possible that they may have landed on the coast somewhere. It is most likely, however, that the rough sea engulfed the little craft. The next year a vessel was sent out to search for some trace of Hudson, but none could be found anywhere on the shores of the bay. For—I am almost sorry to say it—the mutineers reached England at last. Not all of them, however; Greene and three others were killed by savages when they landed on the coast of the strait in search of food. The others suffered terribly from hunger in their voyage across the ocean, and the ungrateful Juet died, only the day before they came in sight of the shores of Ireland.

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS.

1620.



HE people who spoiled Captain Smith's plan of founding a New England state were English people called Puritans.

For a great many years there had been trouble in the English church. This church had, during the reign of King Henry VIII, declared itself independent of the authority of the pope of Rome; but in denying many of the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic church people could not agree what to throw away and what to keep.

Many of the English bishops and other ministers wished to keep all forms of the service without change, when the doctrines of the English church did not forbid them. But there were some people who wished to do away with all forms, which they said were in the way of purity of worship. They said so much about "purifying the worship" that at last people began to laugh at them and to call them Puritans.

There is no question but that something needed purifying in England. It was, however, the manners and morals of her people that needed purifying most, for these did not at all suit the good doctrines of the church. But the Puritans did not see this. They wanted to destroy the beautiful service, as they had pulled down all the beautiful statues and pictures in the churches.

The English church was then (as it still is) supported by the people just as the English crown was, and the sovereign, who was called the Defender and Protector of the church as well as of the nation, said that disobedience to church laws was as disloyal as disobedience to any other. So there was a great deal of persecution, for the people had not then learned to be tolerant and allow every man to hold whatever belief he liked. The Puritans behaved rather the better of the two parties in this struggle, perhaps because they

were weaker, as they did not show the same charity in after years; but they wanted to get away from England to some country where they could use just such a service in their churches as they wished. It was not easy to get away, as the English government did not want them to go, but, at last, after several attempts in which they were each time discovered and brought back, a small company succeeded in reaching Holland. There they settled and lived happily for some

years, for there they had a plain little meeting house to worship in, instead of a costly church, and were not obliged to use a written service.

But these people were loyal Englishmen at heart, although they might differ from their countrymen in religion, and they were homesick among foreign people. They were sorry that they had been obliged to disobey their sovereign and they wished that in some way they could show him that, in every matter



THE MAYFLOWER.

except one, they were willing to do his will. Then they thought of America, which was their king's own domain, where he was at this very time trying to found a colony. They determined to help in founding an English-speaking nation on this shore, and thus extend the English power and enlarge her commerce, if the king would promise to them in the new country that liberty which had been denied them in the old.

The king gave them this promise, though not very graciously, and they began to prepare to leave Holland for their new home. They were strong hearted and brave people, and, perhaps, had a better spirit prevailed in that time, they might have had no desire to separate themselves from their national church. But as it was they

were anxious to go and found a church in the wilderness. So they made all preparations and were ready to start late in the fall of 1620. They had two vessels, the *Mayflower*, a large ship which they had rented from a Plymouth firm, and a smaller one which they had bought in Holland for use in their new colony.

They were hardly started when the *Speedwell*, the smaller vessel, sprang a leak and they had to take refuge in an English harbor where they stayed nearly three weeks while it was being repaired. They then started again, but it was an old rotten vessel and they were not out of sight of land this second time before it was leaking again. So they took on board the *Mayflower* such passengers as they could and sent the small ship back condemned as unseaworthy.

It had been the plan of these pilgrims to land along the banks of the Hudson River, but the stormy sea turned them out of their course and they reached the land near Cape Cod.

It was on the 11th of November, and the weather was dark and stormy, when the voyagers first sighted land, and they did not attempt to go on shore immediately. They first met in the cabin to give thanks to God for a safe journey and then proceeded to make out a plan for their new government. In this they promised to live in peace and harmony, and declared that equal rights should be given to all, and obedience to any law for the common good.

Having rested over the Sabbath day, on the following Monday



A PURITAN.

they sent on shore an exploring party under Miles Standish. A number of women also went ashore, and taking the great quantity of soiled linen that had gathered during the voyage they had a fine washing day on the beach. In this way the "Monday's wash" of the thrifty housekeeper was inaugurated in New England.

The exploring party had no adventures to speak of. They saw one or two Indians who ran away; and soon after found an Indian graveyard, and then, what interested them more, a buried heap of corn; this they took for seed during the following year. They found an Indian deer trap in which they hoped to catch fresh meat, but only succeeded in catching their future governor, and then they returned to the ship.

There were now several weeks spent in exploring for a good place to land, for the shore was bleak and rocky and did not invite settlers. At last, Dec. 21, an exploring party in a boat found a harbor that suited them, and landed, stepping on a large rock imbedded in the sand at the water's edge. (This rock has since become famous, and is now protected by a costly canopy of stone.) Then the explorers went back to the ship, which on the 25th (Christmas) sailed for the harbor, which they had decided to call Plymouth, after the last friendly settlement they had left in England. Some of the men went on shore immediately, to prepare for building the houses. It was a gloomy day, very cold and yet raining, and the water falling froze in sheets of ice over everything, even the clothes of the people, so that they were like metal. The people said they were like coats of mail to protect them from the Indian's arrows and seemed to find even in this hardship something good.

But this was only one among many hard things, and had not these people been of brave and steadfast characters they would have all been discouraged this first winter. There was so much sickness that they lost half their number before spring. But they buried their dead in secret places that the Indians might not know how small their number was growing, and kept up heart through everything.

They need not have been in such fear of the savages, they afterwards found, for a great plague had swept through the tribe in that district and taken nearly all their numbers; so no Indian came

near to the settlement until the spring, when one day they were surprised to hear in a strange voice the words "Welcome, Englishmen." They were spoken by Samoset, a friendly Indian who had learned the English language from the fishermen who came often to Cape Cod.

This Indian told them of the sickness of their tribes which had prevented an earlier visit, but assured them of the red man's friend-



FIRST WASHING DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

ship. Another Indian, Squanto, said the same, and these two Indians arranged a meeting between the great chief of their tribe and the white men. At this meeting the pipe of peace was solemnly smoked and a treaty of friendship made which lasted for forty years.

It came near being broken once by a proud king of the Narragansett tribe. This warrior, Canonicus, became offended at something

the white man had done, and sent to Plymouth a bundle of arrows tied up in a rattlesnake's skin. This was the Indian way of declaring war. For answer the English governor filled the skin with powder and balls and sent it back. Then the Indians, having a wholesome fear of the white man's musket, gave up their plan of war.

Though the pilgrims were thus saved from trouble with the Indians another danger stared them in the face, and that was starvation. The first summer brought them almost no harvest and in the fall a new company came over to join them, but as these brought no provisions their allowance, already very small, had to be divided by one-half. Yet they did not give up, though their daily rations came down to only five kernels of corn and finally depended on such clams and mussels as they could gather from the sand. Still they gave thanks to God who had "given them to suck of the abundance of the sea," and did not lose heart, though this was in their third year of hardship and privation. At last brighter days dawned. Warmer summers brought them rich harvests of corn. They found in the woods fine lumber and quantities of sassafras which furnished an article of trade with England, besides the furs which they bought from the Indians.

Prosperity was established in their colony and at the end of seven years they were enabled to purchase the interest of their lands from the company which had obtained the grant from the English king. It cost nine thousand dollars but it gave the government into their own hands and at last the Pilgrims secured that for which they had sought for miles over stormy seas, freedom and independence.

Other settlers—particularly the large Massachusetts Bay colony, which founded the city of Boston—had now come in to aid the first colonists in maintaining their hold on the new country. Others took possession of lands on the Connecticut river, and on Narragansett bay. Within fifty years after the coming of the pilgrims, all New England was under English control.

THE STORY OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG.

1641—1664.



TOLD you that no sooner had Hudson explored the river bearing his name, under the direction of a Holland company, than the Dutch traders went out there to traffic with the Indians. They explored the coast, they built forts, and villages and towns. One town they built on the island where the city of New York now is, and called it New Amsterdam. They called the whole country they controlled New Netherlands. They got on quite well with the Indians. The country was ruled by governors for forty years. Of one of these, the last, I shall now tell you something.

In May, 1647, Peter Stuyvesant arrived at New Amsterdam, sent from Holland to govern the people of the New Netherlands. He had been a brave soldier and had lost a leg fighting in the West Indies. He was now forty-four years old, a very large, strong man, and he had a wooden leg. He was so proud of this leg that he was often heard to say that he valued it more than all his other limbs put together. He had it ornamented with beautiful bands of silver. Peter Stuyvesant was of a very hasty temper, and so obstinate that people called him Peter the Headstrong. When he became governor of the New Netherlands, he made few laws, but he saw to it that those laws were obeyed. He did not believe in the people having anything to say about governing themselves. Under the former governor, William Kieft, the people had been allowed some voice in public affairs, but Peter soon put a stop to that. There was a council of nine men chosen by the governor to advise him. Peter Stuyvesant immediately dismissed those whom Governor Kieft had chosen, and put in their places, fat, self-satisfied burghers, and had these supplied with long pipes and plenty of tobacco when in the council chamber, where they quietly went to sleep and let him manage

affairs to suit himself. Meanwhile the people were contented and happy.

For some time the people of Connecticut—then called Yankees—had been encroaching on the possessions of the Dutch. There was a good deal of fighting between these Yankees and their Dutch neighbors, and much robbing of Dutch hen roosts and cabbage gardens. The English colonists finally accused Peter Stuyvesant of bribing the Indians to massacre the people of Connecticut. Now, Peter the Headstrong was the soul of honor, and would not think of doing such a cowardly thing to save his neck, or even his silver-encircled wooden leg, which he prized more highly. But some Indians had told the Yankees these stories, probably with the hope of getting a drink of whisky for their pains. When Peter Stuyvesant heard of this he was exceedingly angry. He immediately sent a letter to the grand council of Connecticut, emphatically denying the charge and reproaching them for taking the word of heathen savages against a Christian governor. But the grand council, instead of at once vindicating him as the good Peter had not the least doubt they would, returned him a message saying that his word could not outweigh the testimony of several sober Indians, and that they should seek satisfaction.

Governor Stuyvesant then sent a second message with a proposal that the case be tried by a court of honor. To this they agreed. Peter was now content, as he expected, of course, to be tried by his own burghers, who, knowing how honest and upright he was, would at once acquit him of this charge. What was his astonishment then, when two tall, thin Yankees rode up to his house one day, as he was sitting on his porch smoking his pipe, and began to try the case then and there, asking him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty. Peter was so indignant at this plan to force strange judges upon him, that he immediately rose and walked into the house, without answering his visitors, slamming the door after him, and gave orders that these men were not to be admitted into his presence again. So the two rode back to Connecticut and reported Stuyvesant's conduct to the grand council, which at once decided that the Dutch governor could not answer the questions put to him by these men, and was guilty. So they made preparations for invading the New Netherlands, for

these lands were rich and they had long coveted them. When word of these preparations reached New Amsterdam, Governor Stuyvesant called out the men whom William Kieft had drilled for soldiers, but he made them sleep in camp, after drilling them all day; and that night it rained. The next morning brave old Peter Stuyvesant was alone on the field, for his whole army, having been conquered by the rain, had run home as fast as their short legs could carry them.

Stuyvesant saw little hope of winning a victory over the Yankees with such men as these. So he picked out a small band of stout men

whom he paid in silver and gold, which greatly increased their valor. These he drilled day after day. He also had huge banks of mud thrown up around the city behind which these soldiers were to fire at their enemy. After all this labor of getting ready it seems a pity that there was no war after all. But such was the case. The colony of Massachusetts refused to help Connecticut, for it did not be-



PETER STUYVESANT.

lieve in the charge against the honest Dutch governor. But this was not the only reason. For it was at this time that the witchcraft trouble broke out in New England, and the Yankees had enough to do burning up their witches, without molesting their harmless Dutch neighbors.

But this valiant ruler was no sooner out of one trouble than another was thrust upon him. This time it was the Swedes on the Delaware, who had also been trespassing on the country of the New Netherlanders. So Governor Stuyvesant sent out a force under the

command of General von Poffenburgh, to build a fort on the Delaware, to keep back the invading Swedes. Now this von Poffenburgh was a very fat, conceited little fellow, ever loud in his own praise and in telling of his heroic deeds. So when he had reached the Delaware and had built his fort, which he named Fort Casimir, it is said that he was so impatient for fight that he thrust his sword through the pumpkins of the neighboring gardens, rancying to himself that he was killing scores of Swedes.

Jan Printz was governor of New Sweden at this time. He sent a message to this gallant officer telling him to get out of the country. Von Poffenburgh replied, with much noisy language, that he would not. Jan Printz then sailed up the Delaware three miles above Fort Casimir, where he built a fort and called it Christina. As all the vessels bearing provisions to Fort Casimir had to pass Fort Christina, they were seized by the Swedes, and the good things that were intended for the Dutch soldiers, went to feed their enemy. What would have become of these hungry fellows after a while, we cannot venture to say. But relief was at hand, and what do you suppose it was? Mosquitoes! A plague of them attacked Fort Christina, until the Swedes were fairly buzzed out, and their governor soon after sailed for Sweden.

Jan Claudius Risingh was then made governor of New Sweden. This new governor was a shrewd and crafty man. He soon learned the character of the commander of Fort Casimir and set about to humor his vanity. One day he sailed down the river to the Dutch fort, and fired a royal salute. This tribute to his importance greatly pleased Von Poffenburgh, who at once ordered out his troops to parade before his guest. After this he gave a banquet in his honor. Now, I am sorry to say that on this occasion the Dutch drank so much ale that they were all soon fast asleep. Risingh and his men then bound them hand and foot and carried the whole garrison off to Fort Christina.

When Peter the Headstrong heard of the fate of Von Poffenburgh and his men he was filled with rage, and determined to go himself and conquer these Swedes. So he set sail for Fort Casimir on the Delaware. Arriving before this place he demanded its surrender of the man whom Risingh had left in charge of it, and this man at once

complied. Elated with this easy victory, Peter the Headstrong sailed to Fort Christina and demanded its surrender also. But Governor Risingh refused. Then ensued a battle between the New Netherlands and New Sweden. After ten hours' hard fighting the Dutch won the day, without a single man killed on either side! Oh, if our battles now-a-days were only as harmless!

When Fort Christina surrendered to Peter Stuyvesant all New Sweden became a province of the New Netherlands. Peter the Headstrong and his valiant army now sailed back to New Amsterdam, where the victors were heartily welcomed and feasted, and the school children were given a holiday.

After subduing foreigners Peter the Headstrong now had to face the much harder task of subduing his own people. During his absence they had held meetings to discuss public affairs. Governor Stuyvesant, hearing of this, sent back his walking stick to be laid on the table in the council chamber, as a hint of how he might use it if they meddled in what he considered none of their business. This had the desired effect upon the nine councillors, who stood in great awe of their governor. But it did not silence the people. When Peter returned he ordered them to disperse. One evening he suddenly appeared at one of these meetings with his walking stick in his hand, and strode up to the man who was loudly haranguing the people, and pulling out a huge silver watch told him to mend it and set it going. The man declared that he could not, that he was only a poor cobbler and knew nothing about watches, and that he would only spoil it. "Why, then," cried Peter, "dost thou try to meddle with the affairs of government, which you know nothing about and could only spoil?" And shaking his walking stick at the terrified man he told him to go back to cobbling shoes and not to meddle with what he knew nothing about. Peter ended with a terrible threat that if he caught the cobbler or any of his fellows meddling with affairs of government again, he would have drum-heads made of their skins, that they might make a noise to some purpose.

But the good governor really loved his people, and if he did not let them rule themselves it was because he thought that he could rule them better. He delighted to see them enjoy themselves, and

was a great promoter of holidays. New Year's day was his favorite festival, and on that day he received all the burghers of New Amsterdam, with their wives and daughters, with great pomp and splendor. Another thing he did for the good of the people was to distribute fiddles throughout the land. And now instead of angry mobs talking about their rights and wrongs, there were joyous gatherings of men and women to dance on the village green to the music of the fiddle. The good governor now enjoyed peace for a little while, sitting under the spreading trees, watching the dancers and keeping time with his head to the music.

But now again came troubles thick and fast. First the sturdy



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1664.

(From an old copper-plate.)

Peter had to march up the Hudson to quell the Indians. He had no sooner returned from this campaign than he received word from the man in whose charge he had left the newly acquired territory of New Sweden, saying that the English in Maryland had ordered him off his possessions claiming that the land was theirs. Peter Stuyvesant would at once have gone to subdue these English as he had done the Swedes, but that there was greater danger on the east. While he was fighting the Indians the Yankees had again invaded the New Netherlands. The governor determined to settle affairs by going to

the grand council of New England himself. So he set out with only one man for a companion.

Now while he was bravely making his way to Boston, away over the seas in England a plan was formed to take from him his fertile country. King Charles II granted this land to his brother the Duke of York. Generous man, to give away what did not belong to him! He also sent a fleet of ships to take possession, the New Englanders being only too glad to help these by land.

While Stuyvesant was in Boston he heard of these plans, and at once sent a secret message to his council at New Amsterdam, telling them to throw up defenses about the city and prepare for war. He did not wish the Yankees to know that he knew of their intended invasion, so delayed his return to New Amsterdam.

On receiving the message of the governor his council met and resolved that defenses should be built immediately. But as it would take money to build them, and the New Amsterdammers would not put money into anything that would not bring it back with interest, the poor little city got no fortifications at all. And all this while the people were in great confusion, rushing hither and thither and all talking at once. But when at last the English fleet appeared before the city, all ran home and hid in their cellars, praying for the return of their brave governor. At last he came, and great was his wrath when he saw that nothing had been done to defend his beloved city from its invaders. He immediately sent a message to the British commander of the fleet, Col. Nichols, demanding his reason for anchoring in the harbor. Col. Nichols at once answered, declaring the right of the Duke of York to the province, and demanding the surrender of the city, promising at the same time life, liberty and free trade to every citizen thereof who should readily submit to his British majesty. Peter Stuyvesant thereupon called a meeting of his councillors and burgomasters. He first rated them soundly for their neglect in defending the city, and finally informed them of the summons he had received to surrender, but concluded by saying that he would defend the province as long as he had a wooden leg to stand upon. The burgomasters plucked up courage when they learned that there was some way of getting out of this trouble without fighting, and asked to see a copy of the summons to

surrender, that they might show it to the people and ask them whether they were willing to accept its terms. The angry governor thrust the message in his pocket and swore they should not see a syllable of it. As to their advice, he did not care a whiff of tobacco for it, and they could go home and go to bed, for he would defend the colony himself. The burgomasters, instead of following this wholesome advice, called a public meeting and a letter was written to the governor remonstrating with him for what they called his tyrannical conduct. This letter Peter used to light his pipe. Resolutely bent on defending the city even in spite of itself, he sent out a trumpeter to rally men from the highlands on the Hudson and other parts of the New Netherlands. But the poor trumpeter was drowned in crossing the Harlem river. This trumpeter was the governor's last faithful ally, and now that he was dead there was no one else to send for help. This was the time when the old governor showed how truly he had been called Peter the Headstrong.

The day after the untimely end of this gallant trumpeter Peter Stuyvesant received a letter from Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, advising him to surrender. How the governor stormed and raged! Advice indeed, and to him, who had never taken advice in his life. And at this ill-chosen time, the burgomasters who had heard of the letter, marched in a body into the room and demanded to see it. For answer Peter the Headstrong tore it into a thousand bits and threw them at the nearest man, broke his pipe over the head of another, and kicked them all down stairs with his wooden leg. They then held another meeting but were too much afraid of their governor by this time to send him any more messages.

Governor Stuyvesant then sent a letter to Col. Nichols refusing to surrender and defying him to do his worst. But all this time the English commander had not been idle. He had sent men among the people, frightening them nearly out of their wits with tales of the dreadful things that would befall them if they did not submit to Great Britain; and on the other hand promising them that if they did so submit, they should be allowed to retain their property unmolested. Now these Dutchmen cared very little who ruled them, so long as their cabbage gardens flourished and their pocket-books were

full. So they looked upon their headstrong governor as one bent upon running them into perilous misadventures.

When Colonel Nichols received Stuyvesant's refusal to surrender, he sent word to the Yankees to invade the New Netherlands by land. Thus baffled in his attempts to put the city in a state of defense, and deserted by his own people, with an English fleet before the city and the Yankee army already in the country, Peter the Headstrong for once gave way, and consented to surrender the city. This news was received with shouts of joy by the people. When they brought the treaty of surrender for him to sign, twice he seized his pen to write his name, but threw it down again and declared that he would not give up the city. The next day, however, nearly all the people congregated before his house, urging him to sign the treaty. Peter was sitting in his garret window all this time, and after three hours' haranguing on the part of the people, the governor, fearing they would go over to the English without his consent, told them to give him the paper. It was fastened on the end of a pole and handed up to him. He hastily signed it and threw it at them. Three hours after, the British were in possession of the city, and they changed its name from New Amsterdam to New York.

Good old Peter Stuyvesant now turned his back on the city forever, going to his farm on Manhattan Island, where he had a grove of trees planted on the side of his house that faced the city, so that he could not even see it from a distance. Here he lived happily till the end of his days, being troubled no more with the cares of government. He died at the age of eighty, and was buried in the church of St. Nicholas which stood on his grounds. The city of New York now covers this farm, and the church of St. Nicholas is now called the church of St. Mark, where his tombstone is still to be seen.

THE NEW DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

1648—1675.



WHILE the English were settling along the Atlantic coast, and the Spaniards had taken possession of the south, the French were making their way into the heart of the New World by way of the St. Lawrence river; and in carrying their power into distant countries inland, the best helpers of the French explorers were the priests. Indeed, the priests themselves were discoverers, often going far in advance of the others, in their desire to teach the Indians the true faith.

During the religious wars in Europe a Spanish soldier named Ignatius Loyola, founded a society called the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. The members of this society were trained like soldiers in an army, and were bound to each other and to their officers by the strictest rules. All were bound to the work of their religion as soldiers are to their duty in an army.

The Jesuits were even more courageous than soldiers, and this is one secret of the great influence they gained over the Indians. The highest virtue of the North American Indian was to suffer without complaining. When the Jesuits came among them ready to share their lives of hardship and exposure, and outdoing them in endurance of cold, privation and hunger, the Indians were filled with admiration for them and were ready to listen to what they had to say. One of the priests who gained much influence over the Indians, and was very much beloved by them, was Father Marquette, who came out in 1664. In his zeal for converting the Indians he pushed farther into the wilderness than any before him had done, and was the first white man after De Soto, to visit the Mississippi river.

In 1668, Claude Dablon, the superior of the mission of the lakes, went with St. Lussou, an explorer of New France, to establish a trading post and mission at Sault St. Marie, and with them went young Father Marquette. Here a cross was planted, which Father Dablon blessed while his followers knelt with heads uncovered. A cedar post was then placed beside the cross with a metal plate bearing the arms of France. Two years later, Father Marquette went still further west and established another mission at Point St. Ignace.

The Indians told him of a great river to the west which they called Missipi. They said that this great stream flowed southward, no one knew whither. Marquette, supposing that there were great tribes of God's people living upon its banks, who had never been taught the truths of the gospel, was very anxious to go out and preach to them.

The French governor-general of Canada was also anxious to have this river explored, not so much for the sake of the natives



FATHER DABLON PLANTING THE CROSS.

upon its banks, as in the desire to widen his king's dominions. It also became a matter of curious speculation what course the river pursued, and at what place it emptied into the sea. Some believed it to flow southwesterly and empty into the gulf of California, others that it changed its course toward the east and ran into the Atlantic Ocean somewhere in Virginia, and some that it flowed on to the Gulf of Mexico. They all knew that if the great navigable river was found, it would add much to the wealth of France.

So the governor of Canada, De Frontenac, appointed M. Joliet as commander of an expedition to explore this river. And with him, it was ordered, should go Father Marquette.

On the 13th of May, 1673, these two with five other Frenchmen embarked in two canoes, with a small provision of Indian corn and smoked meat. When Father Marquette told his red-skinned children of his intention to visit the great river and preach the gospel to the people there, they were very much astonished at his boldness and begged him not to go. They told him the people were very cruel and that the river contained horrible monsters ready to swallow them and their canoes together. But Father Marquette answered him that he was ready to lay down his life, if need be, for the cause.

So after praying together and blessing the Indians he left them. After several days his little band of explorers reached the Bay of Pucius, now called Green Bay, where many of the Indians had been converted to Christianity by the French priests. The explorers ascended a river that flows into this bay, and reached an Indian village. On entering the town Father Marquette was much gratified to find a tall cross planted and hung with the finest skins, and bows and arrows, offered by the Indians in thanks to the Great Manitou, or God, for giving them food during the bitter winter just past. Father Marquette and Joliet assembled the chiefs and old men of the village, and the good father, pointing to Joliet, said: "My friend is an envoy of France to discover new countries, and I am an ambassador from God to enlighten them with the truths of the gospel."

The Indians promised them two of their men as guides, and gave Father Marquette a mat of Indian manufacture, which served him as a bed during the voyage. The next day, the 10th of June, amid a great crowd of natives they departed into a land where no *white men* had ever yet ventured.

After marching many miles through forests and swamps they reached a river now known as the Wisconsin. This river, however, was so choked up with a growth of wild rice, that they could not sail on it until they had reached a place some miles further down the stream. Here their guides left them and returned to their village, and Father Marquette and his party launched their canoes upon this unknown river and drifted along between banks clothed in verdure and through great forests of oak and walnut. Numbers of deer and buffalo were seen, but no other animals. After a few days' sailing, they came to a great river—the "father of waters."

Turning their canoes down the mighty stream, they saw to the west high bluffs, and on the right were fertile valleys as far as the eye could reach. And there were many islands in the river covered with beautiful flowers. From the time of leaving their guides they had sailed more than four hundred miles, without discovering any other inhabitants of the forests than birds and beasts. They were always on the lookout for savages, however, kindling a fire toward evening to cook their food, and afterwards anchoring their canoes in the middle of the stream, during the night. At last, on the 25th of June, they discovered the footsteps of men on the sandy banks of the river, and a path leading into a beautiful prairie. They landed, and leaving their canoes under the guard of their boatmen, Father Marquette and Joliet set forth to make discoveries. Following the path for about five miles, they came to a village on the banks of a stream and two others on a hill not far distant. As they neared the village they gave notice of their arrival by a loud call. The Indians came out of their cabins and stared at the white men, the first they had ever seen. They sent four of their chiefs to meet the strangers. Two of them brought pipes ornamented with feathers, which in silence they raised toward the sun as a token of friendship. Father Marquette then spoke to them, and, taking the pipes they offered, entered the village. At the cabin of the chief the calumet or peace-pipe was offered to them. The good father talked with the chief, giving him presents. The chief begged him not to risk his life by trying to go farther down the great river, which they called the Mississippi.

The next day the good father and his little band returned to

their canoes, and again drifted down the mighty stream and soon reached a great river which flowed into the Mississippi. This was the Pekitanoni, which they had been told flowed from the northwest. This river is now called the Missouri. Father Marquette now felt pretty sure that the Mississippi must flow into the Gulf of Mexico. About sixty miles further on they came to another great river, flowing from the east and emptying into the Mississippi. This is now known as the Ohio river. A little further on they saw savages, armed with muskets, awaiting their approach. Father Marquette presented his peace pipe, and spoke to them in the language of the Hurons. They made no reply but made signals for the party to come on shore and take food with them. This they did, and found that the savages had guns, hatchets, knives, hoes, and glass bottles to keep their gunpowder in. The Indians said that they had purchased their goods from white men who came from the east. They also told the explorers that they were within ten days' journey of the sea. Encouraged by the knowledge that they were near the sea, the voyagers now went on between banks covered with thick forests. They saw quails on the shore and heard the bellowing of buffaloes. Sailing on they came to an Indian village. The natives, armed with bows, arrows, clubs and tomahawks, prepared to attack them, some in canoes and others on shore. Father Marquette in vain presented his peace-pipe, they were ready to attack. Finally the elders, seeing the calumet, commanded the young warriors to stop, and laying their arms on the ground as a sign of peace, entered the canoes and made the strangers land, though much against their will. As the savages were not acquainted with any of the six Indian languages spoken by Father Marquette, he spoke to them in signs until an old man was found who could understand the tongue of the Illinois. Through this interpreter, the good father told the savages that he was going to the sea, and gave them some religious instruction.

The next morning the travelers took their canoes again, and sailed down the stream. About two miles farther on, they were met by two canoes of Indians, who conducted them on shore, where they were kindly received. Here they found a young warrior who knew the Illinois language, and through him Father Marquette told the natives that he was going to the sea, and made them the usual

presents. They told him that the sea was five days' journey further, that they knew nothing of the inhabitants on its borders as they were prevented by their enemies—the armed Indians the explorers had just left—from seeing the white men who lived there. They told him that their enemies sailed the river and were very cruel to their captives.

Father Marquette and Joliet now began to consider what further course they should pursue. They had become sure that the river emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, so that now the object of their voyage was really accomplished. And they also knew that if there were any white settlers on the shores of the gulf, as the Indians had supposed, these must be Spaniards, who would resent any exploration of their territory by the French. So they determined to go no farther south, and, after resting a day, they prepared to go back to New France.

They had spent a month in sailing down the river and now, on the 17th of July, they set out on their return. They slowly ascended the stream, until they reached the mouth of the Illinois river. They then sailed up this river, thus shortening their journey many miles, as it brought them within a few days' travel of Lake Michigan. On the banks of the river they found a village, the inhabitants of which received them kindly, and begged the good father to return to them, which he promised to do. One of the chiefs guided him to the lake and then the party sailed to Green Bay, arriving there near the end of September.

Soon after, the good father went back to the Indians on the Illinois as he had promised, and took up his life as a missionary among them, staying there more than a year. Then he started northward to visit the Green Bay mission. While passing along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan he entered a small river on the 18th of May, 1675. Landing, he made a rude altar, said mass, and then retired a short distance into the woods to pray. As time passed and he did not return, his men went to look for him, and found him on his knees, dead. Thus, in prayer the soul of the good father went to the great all-Father in heaven, whom he had taught the savages to love.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHEVALIER LA SALLE.

1667—1684.



THE French, like all the other early explorers, believed that they could find a way through the continent to the south sea, and when the Indians told them of a great river in the west, their first thought was that this was the long-desired highway to the Indies. One of the men who started out to seek for this impossibility was the Chevalier La Salle, one of the bravest, most heroic men that ever lived.

La Salle came to New France to seek his fortune in 1667. He first engaged in the fur trade, and secured from the government a grant of exclusive traffic with the Five Nations, the Indian tribes that then lived in New York. He then obtained a grant of land a few miles above Montreal where he marked out a village and built a house and a small fort. But as he came to learn more of the country and heard the Indians speak of the great western river, he sold most of his rights and bought supplies for an exploring expedition. Then he started for the Ohio river with a party of Indians and Frenchmen, but all except one had deserted him before he reached the river. He went down the stream to the falls at Louisville and then his guide left him also, and he made his way back over the country alone. The next year he visited Lake Michigan, and what he learned from the Indians this time made him sure that the great river of the west did not flow to the Pacific, but to the Gulf of Mexico. He had studied closely all the imperfect maps of the New World, that had been made by the Spaniards and others, and he had a partial idea of the geography of the interior country. Then he made a grand plan and never let go of it, no matter what dreadful discouragements and difficulties came in his way. This was to make a thorough exploration of the Mississippi river, and build a chain of forts from the lakes

to the gulf. At the mouth of the Mississippi there should be a large fort, which should be the key to the continent, and keep the river open to the navies of France alone.' In 1672 the Count de Frontenac became governor of New France. He was bold and ambitious and very ready to take up with the plan of La Salle. He had a fort built called Fort Frontenac, where the town of Kingston now stands. This was the first of the line of forts that were planned to command the whole interior of the country.

In 1673 the return of Joliet from the Mississippi stimulated the ardor of Frontenac and La Salle, and the latter sailed for France early in the following year. He saw the king and from him secured the privilege of building forts—as his own expense—for the French government.

Coming back, La Salle had Fort Frontenac rebuilt of stone, and then devoted himself to the acquisition of wealth through the fur trade, in order to use it all in carrying out his great plan. He visited France again in 1677, but did not get much from the king, who, like scores of other potentates, wanted all the glory he could get, but did not want to pay anything for it. But La Salle gained one thing on this trip that proved of the greatest value to him. This was a good and faithful friend, M. Tonty, a gentleman of noble family, who came back to Canada with him and gave all of his large private means to aid this great project of La Salle's, which was destined to have such a sorrowful ending.

When these two gentlemen got back to Canada it was in the dead of winter, but the restless La Salle could not wait to begin his work. He sent one of his aids and a priest, Father Hennepin, with sixteen men, across Lake Erie, to begin a fortification at the mouth of the Niagara river. They had to thaw the ground with hot water to lay their foundations. The Iroquois Indians did not like this at all, but when La Salle came soon after, bringing them presents, and speaking kindly to them, they agreed not to interfere with him.

La Salle had many enemies who were jealous of him, because he was so brave and could do so much, and they did him many injuries. When he had built his fort on the Niagara river he began to build a vessel too. He went back to Fort Frontenac, and bought a shipload of the things needed in making the vessel, and food for the workmen,

but his enemies bribed the pilot of the vessel carrying these things, and he ran it ashore on the rocks. La Salle, hearing of this, hurried to the spot, and saved what he could, and then had a part of the needed supplies carried to the mouth of the Niagara river by natives. Then the Indians got angry at his men and would not supply them with corn, and La Salle, leaving his good friend Tonty to oversee the work, started on foot for Fort Frontenac, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, with two companions only, and no food except some parched corn. The way lay through swamps and pathless for-



LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

ests, but this did not in the least daunt La Salle's mighty courage. But when he reached the fort, and found that his enemies had spread the story that he had gone on a wild-goose chase, and that, therefore, all his property had been seized by his creditors, he was sick at heart. He had to go to each of his friends and explain his case fully, and could not get back to Fort Niagara until August. There he found that Tonty had had the ship completed, and it set sail, August 7, 1679. La Salle went with it up Lake Huron, and procured a cargo of furs, but as the Indians were threatening and hostile, he sent the vessel with one of his men to Montreal, giving him orders to bring back such supplies as were needed. It did not come back as soon as he expected, and as he wished to get to the Illinois river as

soon as he could, he pushed across the country, hiring some Indians to go with him and carry their canoes on their backs, and sent some men to look for his ship. When, after great hardships, he had reached the country of the Illinois Indians, these men rejoined him with word that his ship had run on the rocks and been utterly wrecked, and all its cargo lost. There was good reason to believe that this accident also had been caused by the chevalier's heartless enemies.

Did La Salle give up now? No, indeed. He built a fort which he called Fort Crevecoeur, or "Broken hearted," on the banks of the Illinois river, near where the city of Peoria now stands, and began to build a ship there also. But there were many things needed for the construction of the vessel, and money and trinkets were necessary to pay the Indians who brought food to his men, so La Salle started to go back to Montreal on foot, a distance of twelve hundred miles. He had five men with him and two of these deserted him before he had gone half of his journey. It was a terrible march, through a country abounding in savages, with scant food or none, watching by night and marching by day, swimming wide rivers, struggling through forests, until after sixty-five days of suffering, they reached Fort Frontenac. La Salle got together what supplies he could and was about to start back when he received a letter from Tonty sent by a messenger, telling him that the men he had left at Fort Crevecoeur had mutinied and had blown up the fort, and stolen or destroyed everything in it. The mutineers, the messenger said, were now on their way to Montreal. La Salle got some men to aid him and they went to meet these men, hanged the ring-leader of them, and brought the others back and put them in prison.

Now you are sure that La Salle gave up, are you not? No indeed! for his will was made of iron. He started immediately for the Illinois country. When he reached there he found that the Illinois and Iroquois Indians had had a great battle, and the Illinois had been beaten and all their villages burned and destroyed. And he could not find his good friend Tonty anywhere, or hear any word from him. He went in a canoe down the Illinois river, to the Mississippi. At last he had reached the great river that he had so longed to see, but he did not take much interest in it now, he was so anxious because he had lost his good friend. In great perplexity and anxiety

he went back to Canada, and because he must be working for something, decided to return to the Illinois country, and establish fur trading posts. On his way back, he met Tonty at Michilimackinac.

Where had Tonty been all this time? He had lived with the Illinois, after the destruction of the fort, and when the Iroquois came against them he tried to make peace. The Iroquois chief told him that they would not do him any harm, but he must go away to be safe. So he went to the mission at Green Bay. Great was the joy of the two friends at meeting. They immediately went back to the Illinois country, went down the Illinois river in canoes, reached the Mississippi, floated down the great river itself, and, April 6, 1680, reached the delta, and rowed out into the gulf. Here La Salle landed and took possession of the country, in the usual fashion, in the name of France, and called it Louisiana.

Was not La Salle's great work now done? No, he thought it was just begun, but his naturally strong frame began to feel the effect of the terrible hardships that he had endured, and on his way up the river he was very ill of a fever for many weeks. But as soon as he was well enough, he was once more ready to carry out his plans. His purpose now was to form a league of all the Indian tribes on the great river and make treaties of friendship with them in the name of France, thus securing their aid in establishing French government in the western country.

But La Salle's enemies, finding that he was as active as ever, in spite of all the injuries that had been inflicted upon him, were determined to thwart him, and they told the new governor of Canada, M. Le Barre—Frontenac having been recalled—that he was trying to set up a new kingdom among the Indians, and make himself ruler of it. So the governor would not pay any attention to the letters that La Salle wrote to him, asking him to send out money and supplies. And he sent word to the French king that La Salle was a bad man, wanting to enrich himself at the expense of the government. And thus it happened that when La Salle wrote to the king of France, he did not make any reply either. So at last La Salle could not stand this treatment any longer, and he himself went to France, saw the king, and thus secured the help and favor that he desired.

THE FATE OF LA SALLE'S COLONY.

1684—1687.



YOU know that I told you how La Salle, who had toiled and suffered so much to extend the domain of New France, at last obtained from the French king ships and money to carry a colony to the shores of the Mississippi. La Salle only asked for one ship, the king gave him four. The men who were sent out as colonists with him, however, were not of the sort to be of much help to him, for after a plan very common at that time, criminals of various grades were let off from their punishments, on their agreeing to go out and aid in building up the far away colonies of the New World. But this colony of La Salle's was so entirely the victim of misfortune, that it is hard to know whether it would have suffered any less had it been composed of better men.

In August, 1684, the little fleet cast anchor in the Gulf of Mexico. They entered it from the southwest and sailed on until they came in sight of land. A fatal mistake was made here, by La Salle, which finally cost his life and that of his entire colony. He had reached the coast west of the mouth of the Mississippi and yet kept on sailing farther west, looking for it, unconscious that he had passed it. He sent some men on shore to look for the river, but these, too, were sent westward, and the ships followed them along the coast. At last they reached Matagorda Bay, which La Salle mistook for the mouth of the Mississippi. He ordered the ships to enter the harbor, and himself went ashore in a small boat. Here he met the detachment of men that he had sent to look for the river, who were cutting down trees to make a raft to cross the bay when the ships came in sight. As the chevalier stood talking to his men, he saw one of the smaller of the ships, the *Aimable*, enter the bay. Just at that moment, some of his men came running up, say-

ing that the Indians had come up with them where they were cutting down trees and had carried off one of their number. La Salle ordered them to run after the Indians as fast as they could. They did so and overtook the savages at no great distance. La Salle had come up with them and a parley was going on when the loud boom of a gun was heard. The Indians all fell to the ground in terror, but an even more deadly fear, we may suppose, chilled the strong heart of La Salle. He knew that the report was a signal of distress, and that the *Aimable*, the vessel that contained all the stores and the utensils for the colony, had struck upon a reef. La Salle hastened back to the shore to aid in saving all that was possible. The small boat of the ship was found to be broken, and time was lost in getting a boat from one of the other ships. Some gunpowder and flour was saved at first, and then a high wind arose and the vessel was beaten by the breakers on the rocks, and it was with the utmost difficulty that even part of the supplies were taken off.

Even La Salle's strong courage was depressed by this accident. The colonists landed one by one, and were encamped, a wretched company, behind a rough pile of boxes, bales and driftwood. There was no doubting the hostile spirit of the Indians. These had probably heard of the wrongs that had been committed by the Spaniards against other tribes of their race. They plundered the camp, fired the woods, and even killed two men. The colonists were nearly all sick, several of them dying every day. The captain of the vessel that brought them over the seas considered his duty done when he had landed them, and, caring nothing for their fate, he sailed away. He left behind, however, one of the smaller vessels, the *Belle*. Poor La Salle thought that the sorest trial of the situation lay in the fact that he did not know where he was. He was soon convinced that he was not at the mouth of the Mississippi, but he thought that he would take the small vessel and go on and find it. Why he did not embark on her and explore the coast of the gulf both west and east we cannot say, it was very unfortunate that he did not. He started out on a journey of exploration along the land, ordering the vessel to follow by the coast. This was in October, 1685. After some weeks the land company lost sight of the vessel. Men were sent to search for her, and La Salle and the others pressed on. These men came

back and brought no tidings. Then others were sent out and yet a third time others. It was not until after La Salle had returned to the fort on Matagorda Bay that the last of these detachments came back. This brought sad tidings that the pilot of the *Belle* had gone ashore and had been killed by the Indians, and that the sailors, ignorant of the management of the vessel, had allowed it to run upon the rocks, and before long there was nothing left of it but a mass of broken timbers.

In all his story of misfortunes La Salle never met with a disaster as irretrievable as this. With the loss of this vessel, was lost the only means of returning to France, or of planting a colony on the Mississippi. It did not seem to be any use to search any longer for the river, as even if it were found the colony could never get there. At this sad point, La Salle again broke down and had another long attack of fever.

His unconquerable purpose, however, would not yield even to physical weakness. As soon as he had recovered from the fever, he made his plan. He determined to make his way to the Mississippi, force his canoe upward against its current to the Illinois, and go up that river and over the familiar country that he had several times traversed to Canada, and thence to France for future aid. It was a daring plan, but had it not been for the fate which thwarted poor La Salle at every step of his heroic career he might have carried it out. One April day, after mass and prayer, a little band of men, with hatchets, kettles, guns, corn and presents for the Indians, strapped to their backs, set out over the prairie. Only La Salle knew the extent of the journey they were beginning and he kept the secret locked in his own breast. Had he told the men, not one of them would have consented to go with him. The colony was left in charge of a man named Jontel. This trusty assistant, perhaps, was the only one at the fort who fully understood the hopeless condition of the colonists, and how doubtful it was whether La Salle would ever return to them. He did his duty, however, and kept order in the colony, insisted that every one should work during the day and encouraged them to dance and sing in the evening, to keep them from growing discontented and unhappy.

Months dragged away thus. Then one night there was a knock-

ing at the gate of the fort. It was opened, and there was La Salle, worn and ill, having with him only eight of the twenty men he had taken with him. All the others had perished on the prairie. La Salle had been ill for two months, during which time the others could not go on. The great river had not been found, and the



THE MURDER OF LA SALLE.

exploring band had been driven to return, because they had exhausted their ammunition and their food.

There were at this time only forty-five colonists left in the fort. They were very discontented and murmured loudly against La Salle. Again the explorer laid his plans to go in search of the great river. But he had another long fit of sickness, and it was in January, 1687, before he was ready to start out again. This time he took Jontel to

help him. He made a farewell address to the colonists in an unusually kind, winning and hopeful manner. But there were some of the men who heard him who seemed to have been transformed by disappointment and disaster into brute beasts. Among those who went with him were some of the worst of these. One night, some of them had been sent hunting and with them was a nephew of La Salle. A plot was formed among the others, and this nephew and two Indian friends with him were murdered. La Salle, the next morning, went in search of these men, and they, hiding in the long grass, shot him as he approached. Thus perished a man who in the whole history of the exploration of the New World was never equalled in patience, valor and daring.

After the murders, Jontel, and two companions, were allowed to depart on giving the murderers certificates of their innocence of crime. They then pushed on, and after a toilsome march reached the Mississippi, the stream that La Salle had searched for vainly, for so long. They ascended it to Fort St. Louis, where the brave Tonty was still stationed, and thence went to Canada and on to France, as La Salle had planned to do. They learned that as soon as Tonty had heard through letters from France that La Salle had landed on the shores of the gulf he hastened down the river to meet him, and explored the country for sixty miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. One of the saddest parts of the sad story is the fact that thus succor came so near La Salle, and he did not know it. Tonty went back to St. Louis and stayed there some years.

As for the poor colony on the gulf it was left to a sad fate. Jontel tried to induce Louis XIV to send a vessel for the colonists, but the king would not listen to him at all. It was not till several years after, that a Spanish ship, guided by one of the wicked men who had deserted La Salle, went to the spot where the colony had been, intending to destroy it. But they found nothing there but silence and desolation. The palisade had fallen to pieces. The cannon was in the mire, skulls and human skeletons lay all about. The fierce Spaniards who had come on an errand of death, were awed by the sight of it, and moved away. Afterward they met two men who had belonged to the colony and were living with the Indians. These said that the colony had nearly all died of small-pox, and the few left had been murdered by the Indians.

THE QUAKERS AND WILLIAM PENN.

1674—1682.



IN THE early part of the seventeenth century a new sect of persons arose in England who were called Quakers. They had many strange beliefs and customs, and as in those days people had not learned that all men cannot and will not think alike on the subject of religion, they were much persecuted, were imprisoned, fined, and ill-treated in various ways. So, like the Puritans, the Quakers began to look toward the New World, and to wonder whether they could not find there liberty to think, act and dress as they desired. A few of them went over to join the Pilgrims colonies in New England. But the Puritans, though they wanted freedom of thought for themselves, did not like the idea of sharing it with every one else. They were sure that their belief was just right, and they wished every one who lived with them to agree to it. If any person refused to do this, he must go away, or he would be punished for his stubbornness. When the Quakers came, they were ordered to go away again immediately, and because they did not obey, they were imprisoned, whipped and some of them were put to death. But a refuge was at last found for these people, in the New World by a good man named William Penn.

This man was the oldest son of Sir William Penn, vice admiral in the British navy, and was born in London in 1644. At the age of twelve he went to Oxford where, as he was a very bright boy, he bade fair to realize his father's proudest wishes, when one day he went with a number of young friends to listen to what they considered the wild ravings of a poor Quaker.

The sensitive nature of Penn was struck with something in the new faith and he became a convert. For this he was expelled from

the college and soon appeared before his disappointed father in the long gray coat and wide hat of the sect, announcing his intention of devoting his life to advancing his faith. The old man was keenly disappointed, for he had intended his son for a soldier, which his new religion forbade. It is said that at first the young man was turned out of doors, but even if this is true he soon came back again and the old man forgave him, though repeatedly provoked to anger by the strange manners of his son. These seemed to the father very disrespectful, for the young man refused to lift his hat even to the king and persisted in calling his father William. At last the old man died and left all his property to the young Quaker, whom he still loved in spite of all their differences.

In the meantime young William Penn had other troubles besides the anger of his father. While in Ireland at one time on business for his family he was arrested and put in prison for attendance at a Quaker meeting. He soon after returned to England where, on account of the king's regard for Vice Admiral Penn, the young man might have escaped further persecutions had he been content to hold his views quietly; but he thought it his duty to publish them and for this reason was imprisoned in the London Tower where, as he could not speak, he wrote with great industry.

He was finally released through the influence of the Duke of York, who had been a dear friend to Penn's father, but he did not stay out of prison long. He was soon after called to some trial, and as was the Quaker custom he refused to take the oath. For this he was put in Newgate prison for six months. He wrote here, as in the Tower, and made many plans.

I think by this time the peaceful Friend had grown rather tired of prisons and he began to look about, as the Pilgrims had done, for a place of safety and freedom. He had already been twice to Europe and found but little friendship for his religion there and he had heard of the great cruelty of the New England colonies toward his people.

He was nearly the wealthiest and quite the most influential among the Friends, and felt it was his duty in some way to provide a refuge for them. Vice Admiral Penn had been a good friend to the old king and had lent to the crown from time to time large sums

of money, so now the amount due to the Penn estate was over £16,000. Penn asked that instead of this money the king would give him land in America. This the monarch was very ready to do, as he was a great spendthrift and found land much more plentiful than money.

So for this £16,000 a vast tract of land was given to Penn, over which he was to have entire control, making such laws as he pleased. His first act was to offer to sell this land at the rate of twenty pounds for one thousand acres or to rent it at one penny an



WILLIAM PENN.

acre. He also promised in this new country freedom and the right of citizenship to all who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and forbade that any should suffer for their faith. Many people of all kinds hastened to buy the land thus offered and that same fall three ships set sail for the Quaker's land. Sylvania, Penn called it, because it was covered with trees, but the king called it Penn's Sylvania because the trees belonged to Penn. So it was named, though William Penn offer-

ed the king's secretary twenty guineas if he would erase the first part of the name from the chart; but what the king had written he had written, and Pennsylvania it remains to this day.

It was against the religion of the Quakers to engage in any war, and Penn was particularly anxious to be at peace with the Indians. He believed that the red men, like other people, could be won by honest and kindly dealings, so he determined to try that plan.

When the first settlers went over to his new land, he sent by them a letter to the Indians, promising peace and fair dealing, and

when he himself came over the next year he asked all the chiefs to meet him under a large forest tree.

There he spoke such words of kindness and love that the wild savages' hearts were touched. "We will live in love and peace with Penn and his children so long as the sun and moon shall shine," said they. They did not swear to this treaty, for that was not the way of these honest Friends, but they kept it, which was far better. As the histories put it: "This was the only treaty never sworn to and never broken," and they tell it truly. In all their bitter wars against the whites no Indian ever shed a drop of Quaker blood. Some said a long gray coat and a wide hat was a better protection than a coat of mail and a musket. But it was not the coat but the friendly heart under it that the Indian respected.

In the second year of his colony the Quaker king, as Penn was often called, planned to build his capital. He said it should be a city of peace and so he called it Philadelphia, which means brotherly love. This city was a great success. In 1683 the squirrels burrowed in the ground and the wild animals roved under the trees, where in 1685 there stood six hundred houses.

Fair dealings and kind words were the strongest power, as Penn had reason to believe, for without fort, policeman or soldier, his people came and went in safety. And though there was no rank nor preferences on account of wealth or religion, the people had grown strong and no one had complained except a very few, and to these the kind governor had given their independence. These were the settlers in the lower counties of the Delaware.

There was now a change in the English government and the Stuart kings who had been so kind to Penn and his father were driven from the throne. The honest hearted Quaker pretended no joy at the arrival of the new king, and being accused of disloyalty, was removed from his office as governor. But regret for an old friend could hardly be called treason and he was soon allowed to return to his colony.

He did not stay long, however, as he heard that the officers of the new king thought they could better matters in the colonies by giving them new laws and new rulers. Penn thought that by showing how

prosperous the colonies had grown without any interference, he might induce the king to let them alone.

Penn never saw his colony after this farewell. He left the government of the colony in the hands of one man and chose another to attend to the business of his estate. This last man was not honest, and mismanaged the affairs so as to bring the property into debt and then threw all the blame on Penn and ran away.

The good old Quaker was then put in prison where he spent many weary months, but at last the lawyers, after much fussing, succeeded in mending his affairs. He was freed and a prosperous old age was assured him, but he was tired of the work and hardship of the world.

He had done a good work and now it was time for his rest. So he went to it in the summer of 1718 at the age of seventy-four, and after that the Quaker colony was governed by strangers.

THE INDIANS AND THE EARLY COLONISTS.



YOU cannot in any way imagine what it would be to live your daily life in constant fear of some dreadful enemy. This was the case of the early settlers of New England. All around them in the woods lurked the savage red men and when the farmer left his house in the morning he felt no surety but that at noon he might find only its smoking ashes, and the wife watching her husband on his way to his work, did not know but that all she would ever see of him again would be a scalp dangling from some savage's belt.

This dreadful uncertainty was because of the deadly hatred of the Indian, which came about, how? Because of their naturally savage nature, some tell us. Perhaps so, but there is a good deal to be said on the Indian side of the question. You know the Indians had lived in this land a great many hundred years. It was their land, where their fathers had lived and died. They did not fence off farms, but they had their little patches of corn, hunted the wild animals, and were happy in their savage way, when one day strange people appeared on their shore. At first, the Indians thought from their clear, white skin, beautiful garments and natural powers, that they were gods, but no, the white men said, they were not such, nor even angels, but messengers come to tell of the true God. These strangers taught a beautiful religion of peace, but brought with them new and horrible instruments of war. They told the Indians of a tender and loving One who suffered all things, even to a cruel death, and then, did a poor untaught savage but meddle with or take some little toy, his right hand was cut off in punishment.

They said in this new religion that all men were brethren, and then of their brother Indians they made slaves, stealing them from their homes, and beating and starving them cruelly. "It was," said one

historian," and if they had come to teach the poor Indians of the glory of heaven and then hasten them away to enjoy its splendors."

At first the Indians received the white men kindly and seemed inclined to accept such a beautiful religion, but when they saw how the actions of these Christians differed from their teachings they became angry, and under the cruel Spanish rule their anger grew to deadly hatred. "Do not trust the white man nor let him land upon your shores," was the message sent from one tribe to another; "He comes with words of peace upon his lips but a lie in his heart. He call us brethren but steals our wives and children to

be his slaves, he tells us of a happy home in heaven but takes from us our lands on earth."



TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

So the message went from tribe to tribe until at last the Indians who at first met the white man on the shore with kindly gifts and gestures, now hailed him with showers of arrows or

skulked away into the woods to plan some better way to drive him from their lands.

This was the state of affairs when the first Englishman landed in America. These, in almost every case but that of William Penn, of whom I have told you, came prepared to meet like with like. They usually demanded peace but they brought great stores of gunpowder with which to keep it, and built forts in which to enjoy it, so the peace was what they might have expected. The Indians, not understanding a friendship sworn amid such preparations of hostility, thought the white man was deceiving them, and made what they considered equivalent preparations for war.

"We will be friends," said the Puritan, making high walls about his fort, and mounting on them cannon.

"Yes, we will be friends," said the Indians, dipping the points of their arrows in rattlesnake's poison.

"We are the best of friends," said the Puritan, on the way to church, musket in hand.

"The very best," said the Indian, hiding his bow and arrow under his blanket.

"We will always deal fairly with the Indian," said all the white men, stealing the Indian's land, without offering any equivalent.

"Yes, fairly," said the chiefs, smoking the pipe of peace, while his warriors were putting on the war paint.

"We desire only the highest good for the poor savage," said the white man, selling them whiskey and rum.

"The very highest," said the Indians, ending the white man's troubles with the tomahawk. So it went, and what more could be expected? Who could teach a religion of peace at the cannon mouth?

The Englishman called the Indian treacherous but I doubt if he was more so than he took the white man to be.

Who likes to take a dare? And that was just what the muskets of the white man seemed to the warlike Indian.



FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

So from day to day the hatred between the Indian and the white man grew. The English built all their houses together in a village around which a wall was made. The farms lay outside the village and the farmers went to and from their work musket in hand. On Sunday each man carried his musket to church and they were all stacked in the meeting house door where a sentinel stood to give the alarm, should any Indians approach.

Many horrible wars occurred between the Englishmen and the Indians, but I cannot recall an instance where an unarmed man went in among the Indians where he was not kindly received. The peace that reigned on the Maryland plantations, and in the Quaker settlement of Pennsylvania, and even more noticeably in the French colonies of Canada, might make us question whether there was not a better way. But if there was, the other colonists did not find it, and it was not until the Indians had been killed or driven from their borders that they were sure of peace.

THE COLONIES OF CALVERT AND OF OGLETHORPE.

1629—1633. 1728—1743.



T WAS but natural, as the people of the Old World began to learn what a beautiful, fertile country the new continent was, that they should look to it with much hope, that on its shores all the wrongs and injustice of the older countries might be righted. Here, they thought, all oppressed people may find freedom, all poor persons may have room and opportunity to gain wealth. And though it was a long time before the new country fulfilled all these beautiful hopes, still it soon became plain that they were built on a sure foundation.

You know how the Puritans came to the new land to escape persecution, and the Quakers came for the same purpose. The people of the English church,—who had themselves borne no little persecution at the hands of the Catholics in the reign of Queen Mary, the eldest daughter of King Henry VIII,—when they were themselves in full power, having the government and most of the wealth of the country on their side, retaliated by punishing Catholics, Puritans, Quakers and all others who did not fully agree with them in matters of belief.

There was, during the reign of King James I, a nobleman at court who was so wise and good that the king and all the courtiers held him in high esteem. His name was Sir George Calvert, and he was one of the king's secretaries of state. He was so good a man, so upright and so kind, that when he professed himself a convert to the Catholic faith and offered to resign his office, the king would not let him go. "Na, na," he said, with his broad Scotch speech,—“gang he to kirk or cathedral, we maun keep Georgie.” He was retained as a member of the king's council, and a short time before King James died, in 1625, he was made lord of Baltimore.

But the laws of England at this time bore very hardly upon

Catholics, denying them many privileges and opportunities. Sir George Calvert did not approve of these unjust laws; and he resolved to use some of his wealth in founding a colony in the New World where not only could the oppressed Catholics find a refuge, but people of every faith might enjoy entire liberty of conscience.

His first attempt at colonizing was not successful. He had bought a large tract of land in Newfoundland which he called



SIR GEORGE CALVERT.

Avalon. Here he had built several large warehouses and a mansion for his family at great expense, and in 1629 he took his wife and children and went out there with a number of other families to live. But he found the country very unsuited for a colony; the winters were long and bitterly cold, and no profitable industry but fishing was possible there. Besides, the cheerless and desolate island was not even a certain possession, for it was claimed by the French, whose ships

cruised around the coast and captured the English fishing boats. So Lord Baltimore decided to leave Newfoundland and went to visit Virginia. He wished to take his colony there and asked of the assembly the privilege of purchasing part of its territory for settlement. This body consented on condition that he and all his colonists should take the oath of allegiance, but this oath required persons to claim adhesion to the church of England, and an honest Catholic could not take it. Lord Baltimore pleaded for toleration,

but the assembly refused to grant his request. He then went back to England and asked King Charles to give him a grant of land on Chesapeake Bay in the country north of Virginia, and the king, who knew and admired him, readily consented. By the king's wish the country was named Maryland, from the queen, Henrietta Maria.

The charter of the colony was drawn up by Lord Baltimore. It was very liberal; all persons were to have perfect freedom of conscience. Christianity was declared to be the religion of the state but no preference was given to the followers of any creed. Free trade was declared to be the law of the province, and arbitrary taxation was forbidden. The people were empowered to make their own laws, but every governor was to take this oath: "I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion."

This good man died before his colony was taken out, but his son, Sir Cecil Calvert, who was, like him, wise and good, immediately undertook to carry out his father's plans. When it was known what liberal laws were to be made in the new colony many persons were eager to join it. Two ships, a large one called the *Ark*, and a small one called the *Dove*, set sail in November, 1633, with 300 persons, for the new settlement.

They took the long passage around by the Canary Islands, and did not reach Chesapeake Bay until the following March. The colonists were delighted with the beautiful country. They landed on a small island in the Potomac river, nearly opposite where Mt. Vernon now is, and planted a cross there, claiming the country for Christianity and in the name of the English king. Then they sailed up a wide river flowing from the north, which they called St. Mary's river. About twelve miles from where this river flows into the Potomac they purchased an Indian town on its banks. The Indians said that they wished to stay till the corn was ripe and then they would go away. The colonists built houses and planted corn and made gardens. There they founded a town and called it St. Mary's.

The second Lord Baltimore did not come to stay with his colony; his brother, Leonard Calvert, was made its first governor. But Lord Baltimore always took the greatest interest in the colony. He helped new settlers to join it, and sent out tools and books, and mis-

sionaries to teach the Indians. So the colony of Maryland—the first one to institute religious toleration—grew and prospered. Its people had no difficulties with the Indians and were contented and happy.

There was another generous founder of a colony, that I wish to tell you of, though his work was not done till nearly one hundred years after the Maryland colony was established—not until the other colonies of the Atlantic states were thriving and prosperous. An English



JAMES OGLETHORPE.

philanthropist, named James Oglethorpe, formed a plan of helping the poor people of England by founding for them a refuge in America. He especially wished to help the poor debtors. By the laws of England a man who could not pay his debts was thrust into prison. Every year thousands of hard-working men, through thoughtless conduct or misfortune, were imprisoned, leaving their families to starve while they were shut up and unable to do any work.

In 1728, Oglethorpe was appointed, at his own request, to look into the condition of the poor, to visit prisons, and institute measures of relief. Many hundreds of these poor victims of the laws against debtors, were set free by him. Then he planned to do more, to found a colony in the New World, where these poor men could have opportunities to retrieve their broken fortunes.

Oglethorpe appealed to George II for a patent. It was granted, and June 9, 1732, a royal charter was sent out by which all the territory

between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, westward to the Pacific ocean, was granted to a company for twenty-one years, "to be held in trust for the poor." In honor of the king, Oglethorpe called this land Georgia.

Oglethorpe had been a soldier and had also held a seat in parliament; he was benevolent, generous, brave and chivalrous. He gave all the energies of his vigorous, broad mind to building, in his beautiful southern territory, an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. He went out in November, 1732, with one hundred and twenty persons. In February, they founded the town of Savannah on a high bluff overlooking the river. A fair and honest treaty was made with the Indians, which secured peace to the young settlement. Oglethorpe stayed with his colony many years. He organized a company of soldiers who were found useful, as the Spaniards over the boundary in Florida gave them trouble. In 1743, after the colony had spread over much country and had many thriving towns, Oglethorpe went back to England.

When trouble began in the colonies in 1775 he refused the office of general commander of the British troops in America, which had been offered him, as he did not approve of the course of the English government. He lived to see the colonies free, and was well pleased, for he believed the English speaking settlers of the New World were destined to build up a great and prosperous country. He died in 1785.

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